

THE CRITIC

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, AND THE DRAMA;
A GUIDE FOR THE LIBRARY AND BOOK-CLUB.

VOL. I. No. 7.]

APRIL 15, 1844.

Price 6d.
Stamped Edition, 7d.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

HONG KONG.—JUST OPENED.—
PANORAMA, Leicester-square.—A magnificent
View of the ISLAND and BAY of HONG KONG, and the
bold and sublime scenery surrounding it, comprising the
Town of Victoria, the Happy Valley, Victoria and Possession
Mounts, the Islands and Mainland adjacent, and the extra-
ordinary variety of Chinese Craft, combined with the Flag-
ships Cornwallis and Agincourt, and the rest of the British
Squadron then in Harbour at Hong Kong. The Views of
Triport and Eu, as at the time of her Majesty's visit to Louis
Philippe, and Baden Baden, still continue open.

THE CRITIC.

NOTICE.

A PORTFOLIO, on a convenient plan, for pre-
serving the numbers of THE CRITIC, during the
progress of the volumes, is now ready, and may
be had at the Office, by order of any bookseller
in the country, price 5s.

THE CRITIC will be supplied for Six
Months, by post, to any person forwarding six
shillings' worth of penny postage stamps to the
Office.

TO AUTHORS.

THE CRITIC has adopted the novel and in-
teresting plan of reviewing unpublished
MSS., for the purpose of enabling authors
unknown to fame to take the opinion of the
public and of the booksellers upon the merits
and probabilities of success for their works,
previously to incurring the cost of publication.
For this purpose, the following rules are to be
observed.

The author is requested to make a brief out-
line of the contents of his work and transmit
it to us, with the MS. (or such portions as
he may deem to be fair specimens of it), from
which we may select the extracts for our
columns. All MSS. so submitted to us will
be carefully preserved, and returned, as the
author may direct, so soon as we have done
with them.

It may be as well here to observe that reli-
gious and political treatises must be excluded
from this portion of THE CRITIC.

TO OUR READERS.

At length we have accomplished the design
that has been urged upon us from so many
quarters, and commenced a fortnightly issue of
THE CRITIC, which will henceforth appear on
the 1st and 15th days of each month. Its size
and price have been reduced at the same time,
to meet the objection frequently made to the
bulk of matter contained in its monthly col-
umns, which was more than the reader could
conveniently master in the time generally de-
voted to periodicals of the journal class. By
the present arrangement, it will perform all the
purposes of a publisher's circular, with the ad-
ditional interest of a review; and we hope that
its great and rapidly growing list of subscribers
will now induce advertisers to adopt it as a
medium for the diffusion of their announce-
ments among a numerous and influential sec-
tion of the community. For our own parts, we
promise to spare no exertion, not only to pre-
serve the characteristics which have already
made THE CRITIC so great a favourite, but to
add to its interest and value by the adoption of
every improvement which its friends may sug-
gest, or its extended resources enable it to
command.

HISTORY.

A Short History of Ireland. London, 1844.
Souter and Law.

THE interest which has been excited in the
public mind on the subject of Ireland is suf-
ficiently proved by the great number of works
daily issued from the press devoted to her his-
tory, her rulers, her wrongs, her evils, and their
remedies. It is now an admitted fact, that she
has wrongs which must be redressed, diseases
that must be cured; nor is there any great
difference of opinion as to the nature of her
miseries, and less as to their cause. Statesmen
and parties are at odds mainly upon the ques-
tion of remedies, and that because, in looking
at these, all employ the distorting-glasses of
self-interest; and the inward, though not the
avowed, query of every man is, not how the
wrongs of Ireland may best be redressed, but
how the means of redress will affect his own
personal, political, or class interests. Hence
the difficulty of finding an honest judgment on
a subject involving so many secondary con-
siderations.

Nevertheless, it is something gained to as-
certain the truth; and essential to a knowledge
of Ireland as it is, correct information about

Ireland as it was; for in her history, beyond
that of any other country, is to be found the
germ of all diseases that now threaten the dis-
ruption of the empire. The little book before
us will help to diffuse that knowledge; for
though it is not very precise, nor very pro-
found, can boast few graces of style, and has
little pretension to the lofty title of history, it
is well fitted for popular reading, and especially
for those who have but little leisure, and there-
fore require to have the more prominent facts told
in the form that will best impress themselves upon
the memory. It is very much compressed, of
course, which gives an air of stiffness to the
style; but the author is evidently master of his
subject; he writes from his own mind, and
not from books only; he is tolerably free from
the prejudices of party, and he tells his story
fairly, leaving the reader to reflect upon his
narrative. As a specimen, take the following
graphic sketch of an interesting epoch:—

"Ireland—who had been forbidden to send her
cattle alive into England, or to sell what she made
of the wool of the sheep she had grazed instead of
them, to anybody—now, as a last resource, exported,
as salted provisions, the cattle which she could not
afford to consume herself; for, from their sale, she
had to pay the rents, which she very seldom saw again
in the form of expenditure. She had a very flourishing
trade of this kind, particularly in the south, where
she had nothing else to do. England was afraid
lest France, with whom she was at war, should buy
these provisions, and laid an embargo upon their ex-
portation, which lasted for three years, and reduced
Ireland to great poverty, which was felt by all
classes.

"England, who was at this time hard pressed in
America, had taken away more than half the troops
she had promised always to leave Ireland for her
defence.

"Ireland now expected every day that the French
would land upon her shores, she asked England for
her protection, England told her she could give none;
there were sixty dragoons in the north, to defend her
from the armies of France, and she could not spare
any more, Ireland must take care of herself. Very
well, said Ireland, I will, I wish no better fun—and
40,000 Irish volunteers were presently in arms.

"Everybody was very much surprised, and some
people very much alarmed. Mr. Hussey Burgh's
words upon the occasion were much admired. 'Laws
have been sown like dragon's teeth, and they have
sprung up in armed men.'

"Ireland now trod on with triumphant steps to
independence. Mr. Grattan, a patriot, whose fame
has no blots to dazzle out, sprang forward, in an at-
titude of dignity and energy, for which many ages
and many revolutions have produced neither the
pedestal nor the figure. He first claimed free trade,
which was presently granted, and then made, on the
6th of April, 1782, the memorable declaration of the
independence of Ireland. Mr. Fox had now joined
the English ministry; England gave gracefully what
Ireland received nobly, by the hands of two statesmen,

singularly happy representatives of the characteristics of their respective countries.

"Poynings' Law, declaring that Ireland could do nothing without England's consent, and the statute of King George the First, declaring that the Parliament of England ruled Ireland, were repealed. The Irish, however, were not yet satisfied, and desired that England should renounce the right of making the laws she had repealed. Mr. Grattan opposed this, as the renunciation allowed that the right had been possessed; but the country was clamorous, and this also was done.

"The gratitude of his country voted 50,000*l.* to Mr. Grattan for the purchase of lands in Ireland.

"The order of St. Patrick was instituted the next spring, for the Sovereign and sixteen knights, of which his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, the fourth son of the king, did the order the honour to become the first. The motto of the order is 'Quis separabit?' and it is to be hoped that this question in a dead tongue, will never be answered in a living one.

"Commerce and literature have never failed to follow the footsteps of liberty. Her shadow is brightness. The Bank of Ireland was established in Dublin in the same year as the order of St. Patrick; the General Post-office of Ireland the next year; and presently after the Irish Academy.

"Irish peerages had been given profusely by the English ministry to people who, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague said on the subject, would rather have cheap finery than none. Ireland now remonstrated against this indignity.

"The general stir in favour of liberty led to repealing more of the laws against the Roman Catholics in 1792. The chief point they gained at this time was the profession of the law.

"The death of King Louis the Sixteenth of France, and the alarm of England at the progress of the French republican armies, led, the next year, to Roman Catholics being permitted to vote for members of Parliament; they had to wait forty-six years before they were permitted to be members of Parliament; the most valuable thing was taken away first, and restored last."

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of the Life and Correspondence of John Lord Teignmouth. By his Son, LORD TEIGNMOUTH. London: Hatchard.

THE subject of this interesting memoir was one of those men of whom England may be justly proud, and the record of whose life cannot be too widely made known. In him the virtues of the Christian and the qualities of the statesman were harmoniously combined, and the rank and influence which the latter gained for him were employed only to enlarge the sphere in which the former were usefully and unostentatiously exhibited. His unwearied exertions in the cause of the British and Foreign Bible Society may by many be supposed to have formed his principal if not his only claim to the gratitude of posterity; but his career in India may almost be said to deserve still greater praise, and to afford more striking illustrations of the happiness which a steady adherence to the dictates of religion confers, not only upon the individual himself, but upon all around him; and what is too often tacitly denied, that such adherence is not in the least inconsistent with advancement in the world and the faithful performance of the duties of a citizen and a statesman. Nearly half a century has passed away since Sir John Shore received the title of Lord Teignmouth, as a reward for his services as Governor-General of India; and since these have been thrown far too much into the shade by the more dazzling achievements of his successors, we are well pleased to see them thus detailed at greater length than would be consistent with the usual aim of the general historian, who, by the right of long usage, makes the pomp and pageantry of war almost essential to his pages.

John Shore lost his father at an early age, and his character was, therefore, even more than is usual, formed by his mother. "She combined," says her grandson, the writer of the present memoir, "in a remarkable manner, warmth of affection, and soundness of judgment, under the regulating influence of religious principle;" and from her care and example, her son derived those principles which subsequently produced such excellent fruits. He was educated at Harrow, under Drs. Sumner and Parr, and among his associates was Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He was a great favourite with Dr. Sumner, but was obliged to give up the prospect of eminence in classical studies to pursue those which were more necessary to fit him for his duties as a Writer in India. By an odd coincidence, he had for his companion, at

the academy at Hoxton, and where he spent nine months, Lord Rawdon, afterwards Marquis of Hastings; and the future rulers of millions were constantly together, both in their studies and amusements. At the age of seventeen, he embarked for India, and we learn from a letter to his mother, that during the voyage the future man was pre-shadowed by a bold and successful attempt to silence some quarrelsome cadets, who were his fellow-passengers.

At this period (1769) the moral condition of our Indian empire was at the lowest ebb. Inveterate corruption and dissipation among the officials were connived at, and almost authorized, by the illiberality of the Company. No attempt had been made to counteract these evils by religious instruction. There was no church in Calcutta, and only one clergyman in Bengal. Young Shore did not altogether escape the contagion. He lived much as other young men did, but still his undoubted integrity earned for him the name of honest John Shore. His practice, however, soon became more conformable to his principles, and the responsible position in which he was ere long placed no doubt completed the change. He was appointed assistant-supervisor, but the duties of the principal accidentally devolved upon him, and thus, at nineteen, he was invested with the civil and fiscal jurisdiction of a large district. In a single year he adjudicated six hundred causes, and with such satisfaction to the suitors that there were only two appeals. So literally true was the remark of Mr. Hastings, "that the Boys of the Service were the sovereigns of the country." He now vigorously studied the Persian and Arabic, while he did not neglect classical and European literature. His letters during this, and in fact the whole of his correspondence, should be read by every one who desires to obtain a lively conception of the state of the country. His financial abilities were soon perceived, and he was appointed member of the Provincial Council of Revenue at Calcutta.

In the disputes between Mr. Hastings and Mr. Francis he took no active part, but made himself so useful in his own sphere that he was appointed second member of the Grand Council of Revenue. Mr. Hastings, indeed, thought him an opponent, but was ruled by the suggestion of Mr. Robert Anderson, who knowing the character of both, said, "Appoint Mr. Shore, and in six weeks you will have formed a friendship."

It is worthy of observation, that Lord Teignmouth, although he differed from Warren Hastings in many points of statesmanship, always highly esteemed him as a man, adorned with the "virtues of charity, generosity, and forgiveness," and utterly incapable of acting from self-interest and corrupt motives, and worthily beloved by the natives. In one of his letters, after mentioning that the addresses of the natives to the Directors, on Mr. Hastings's government, had been forwarded, he says, "They will in England perhaps think him indebted to my assistance. Mr. Burke is rapid in his conclusions, Mr. Sheridan ingenious in his surmises, and Mr. Fox bold in his assertions," and then gives a peremptory denial of having in any way used his influence to obtain them. He had, in fact, previously refused to do so even indirectly. These testimonies in favour of Warren Hastings, too, were given when Mr. Shore was actually congratulating himself that he had been so little connected with the late Governor-General in any of the transactions that were the subject of inquiry, that his evidence was not deemed necessary by the managers of the impeachment. He little dreamed of the absurd charge that was about to be brought against himself.

It was one of the most pleasing parts of Mr. Shore's character, that he ever retained the most lively affection for his mother, and which prolonged absence in no way lessened. After thirteen years he writes thus:

"The scene at Gravesend (where they parted) is still as fresh in my memory as if it had happened but yesterday only. I hear the heartfelt sighs of affection, and hasten, with reluctance, to embark on board the vessel, which, perhaps, is to separate us for ever. My imagination represents you, at the same time, returning to town with eyes reverted, and wishing to detain me with you. The recollection of these circumstances is not without pain: but when I think that the same affection still exists between us, that nothing has intervened to dissolve the parental or filial regard we owe to each other—that the same Providence which has so long protected us may again bring us together; a dawn of hope and comfort springs up and dissipates the melancholy occasioned

by the former ideas. You are, in fact, the cause of my long absence; for if you had not tutored me to honesty, if you had paid less attention to my principles, I might before this have laid a fortune at your feet, and you might have partaken the acquisitions of dishonesty. To see me return with a fortune gained by such methods, would, I know, give you more concern than pleasure; and I am confident you would rather receive me poor than have reason to blush at my being rich."

They did not meet again. When he returned to England, on account of ill-health, in 1785, she had been dead more than a year. Happily, however, he found in Miss Cornish one on whom he could centre all his affectionate feelings. But scarcely had they been married when he was called away to the scene of duty and toil. He was offered a seat in the Supreme Council, appointed under Mr. Pitt's India bill. Within a few months he returned, and alone, for, from his apprehensions of the dangers of the voyage, then seldom attempted by ladies, he deemed it right for Mrs. Shore to remain in England. His great aim now was to effect financial reforms, and in 1789 he presented to Lord Cornwallis his plan for a decennial settlement of the revenues. The Governor-General gave the highest praise to his skill and zeal—the plan was adopted as a permanent settlement. In this respect it was against the opinion of Mr. Shore; and while the general success of the measure has confirmed the justice of these praises, the alteration of the original plan has probably been the very cause of the little benefit conferred by it upon the ryots. During the whole of this period he was in constant intercourse with Sir W. Jones, and gave much assistance to the Asiatic Society. Nor did the cares of business strangle his religion. By strict observance of Sunday, firm assertion of his principles, when circumstances required it, and an unobtrusive, but constant, exercise of the duties of Christianity, he set an example which did not fail to be highly beneficial in such a community. At the same time he forwarded as much as possible all attempts to increase the means of religious instruction.

He returned to England in 1790, and was well received by all parties. After a quiet residence of two years, during which he had formed the friendship of Mr. Wilberforce, he was to his own surprise appointed Governor-General. The Directors were well satisfied with the appointment, but Burke was angry beyond measure, that any friend of Warren Hastings should be so honoured, and wrote to Mr. Baring, Chairman of the Court of Directors, charging the new Governor-General with being "principal actor, or party, in some of the offences charged upon Mr. Hastings." The reply of the Directors to this unfounded attack was that they had selected him "because he had proved himself one of their ablest and most upright servants."

His system of administration in India was based upon the declaration in Mr. Pitt's bill, that "pursuit of schemes of conquest was repugnant to the wish, to the honour, and the policy of the British nation;" which was in entire accordance with his own benevolent, upright, and Christian character. It was, as he frequently repeats, his fixed maxim, that "nothing morally wrong could be politically right or advantageous;" and well would it have been had the same high truth been equally present to the minds, and as consistently governed the practice, of his successors. Sir John Shore, moreover, was naturally averse to war, and, from the weak state of his health, often felt a want of confidence in himself that would have unfitted him for steering amid the tempests and sudden perils of war. His government, therefore, was eminently peaceful. It has accordingly been arraigned by the worshippers of the sword and the bayonet. But his biographer has shewn that his policy, which at once approves itself to our moral judgment, was also beneficial in its results. Marquis Wellesley attributed much of the success which crowned the struggle with Tipoo to "the prudence, integrity, and honour of his predecessor." The high opinion entertained of him by those best qualified to judge was shewn by his subsequent appointment as member of the Board of Control, and the eagerness with which Mr. Canning sought to avail himself of a free and unrestrained intercourse with him on all subjects connected with India in 1816.

The Governor-General's conduct in the very difficult question of the Oude succession was also entirely approved of by the government of the time, and Mr. Mill's strictures upon it are shewn, in an appendix to the first volume, to be founded upon

misstatements. By the publication of the letters of this excellent man we discover, that during the whole of this delicate and hazardous transaction, he derived confidence and calmness of mind from the consciousness of right principles and the daily exercise of his religious duties.

In 1798 he was made an Irish peer, and returned to England with the title of Lord Teignmouth. He now quietly enjoyed the society of his friends, among whom he numbered Charles Grant, Wilberforce, and Henry Thornton. To be nearer to them he removed, in 1802, to Clapham. About this time he received a challenge from an officer, who considered himself aggrieved by some act of his lordship when Governor-General. To this he replied that, even upon the principles of modern honour, he was not answerable for his official conduct to a private individual; but he further avowed that, even had that been otherwise, "he held it utterly unwarrantable, from any private resentment or point of honour, deliberately to attempt the life of a fellow-creature, or expose his own in the commission of an act absolutely forbidden by the word of God." His sphere of Christian usefulness, however, was about to be much enlarged. He contributed frequently to the pages of the *Christian Observer*, and became the first president of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which was founded in 1804. This noble institution had for its object simply to put the Bible into the hands of the poor of this as well as other countries. For the rest of his life this occupied the greater portion of his time and attention, and it needed all his prudence, moderation, and Christian tolerance, to protect the society from the schisms with which it was several times threatened. The first dispute was on the introduction of the Bible into India, which was predicted to be dangerous to our empire. Strange, indeed, that members of a Christian country should wish to withhold Christianity from any portion of its dominions! Still stranger, that any one should be found to wish an empire to be upheld which could be shaken by a knowledge of the truth, by a participation of the blessings of religion, and the scattering of the clouds and murky darkness of pagan ignorance and loathsome superstition. To trace the progress of this contest would lead us into too great prolixity. The result is known to all.

In 1804, Lord Teignmouth published the memoir of the life of his friend and companion, Sir William Jones, which passed through many editions. The controversies respecting the Welsh text, the grants of aid to foreign Bible Societies, whose bibles contained the Apocrypha, and the continuance of Socinians as members, furnished opportunities for the exercise of the president's varied qualifications for his post; and through all the shoals and quicksands he preserved the society to which he had been so eminently useful. We cannot better describe these services than in the words employed by the committee of the society, in the tribute to his memory, which was unanimously approved of by the whole society in 1834.

"His lordship's rank and station in the world were of no small importance to the institution, especially during the weakness of its infancy; but these were always of small account when compared with the qualities of his mind and heart. He united in himself qualifications and talents, rare, separately taken, while it must have been deemed vain to hope for their union in a single individual. To a dignified courtesy of manner, becoming the high station which he had filled, he added, in an eminent degree, the simplicity of Christian benevolence, great sagacity, and decision, in forming his own judgment; the utmost candour and facility, in giving full weight to the reasonings and opinions of others, and the most patient attention in tracing the bearings, and weighing the difficulties of every question. For many years after the formation of the Society, he paid unremitting attention to the details of its proceedings. The early annual reports were wholly written by himself; and the extensive correspondence, both foreign and domestic, carried on for several years under his immediate direction, derived the greatest advantage from the purity of his taste, and the perspicuity and elegance of his style. The able manner in which he presided at the annual meetings of the society; the piety and grace that breathed in the addresses delivered by him on those occasions; the delight which he visibly felt in meeting the body of subscribers and friends, drawn together from so many parts of the world, as well as of the United Kingdom, and differing in so many particulars, but united in the one purpose of doing homage to the God of the Bible, by sending forth the sacred volume to all who might be accessible to their exertions; these are points too fresh in the recollections of numbers to require enlargement."

The second volume enables the reader to appreciate the justness of these praises, and the letters and narrative exhibit the consistent unostentatious Christian, resigned in affliction and humble in prosperity. We had marked for extract a letter of Dr. Adam Clarke's, in his lordship's "Dissertation respecting the Providence of God;" but we can only observe, that after comparing it with other works on the subject, he says, "It has satisfied me, I bless God for it, and wish it in the hands of every upright man and woman in the nation." Having outlived his dearest friends, and seen several of his children sink into the grave, this venerable nobleman died February 14, 1834, aged 82, leaving a noble example of a life spent in doing good. We have only to add, that his son has executed his duty with great judgment and skill, and the letters selected are always appropriate and interesting. Nor does he obtrude himself upon his readers, but conveys to them faithful and undisguised representations of his father's character, a character which deserves to be known, and must be admired.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Narrative of a Journey through the Upper and Southern Provinces of India (with Notes upon Ceylon), and Letters written in India. By the late Right Reverend REGINALD HEBER, D.D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta. 2 vols. London, 1843. John Murray, Albemarle-street.

THE work now before us forms the second of a series entitled, *Murray's Colonial and Home Library*;—an undertaking of which (for the sake of the objects it professes to serve, and its promise of accomplishing them) we expressed in a former number our unqualified approval.

Of India, though by far the largest and most valuable territory appended to the British Crown, much less is popularly known than could be wished. The propriety, therefore, of issuing, in a cheap form, a useful and entertaining book on this interesting country, will at once be seen, and a happier selection for this purpose could scarcely have been made.

Having early distinguished himself by the display of abilities of a very superior order, Dr. Heber was appointed Diocesan to the see of Calcutta in the year 1823. For the duties of this responsible office he seems, by an extensive and varied erudition, an unaffected piety, and a striking earnestness of character, to have been eminently adapted. That he discharged his sacred functions with zeal and energy there is abundant indirect testimony scattered through these volumes. It is, however, in his character as a traveller that we have here chiefly to deal with him.

Most of the qualities requisite for a successful writer of travels appear to have been concentrated in Heber. True, that, unlike Bruce, Mungo Park, and many others, with him curiosity and the thirst for exploring unknown lands had but feeble influence, yet, once having need to travel, he proved the possession of a keen-sightedness, and a faculty for observation, equal to the best of them. He had a quick eye for novelties of every kind, a faithful graphic hand for securing them and the ideas they gave birth to.

Here and there, as we peruse these volumes, we regret that their author was not more thoroughly acquainted with the history and literature of the singular people among whom he journeyed: had the case been otherwise, we may judge, by the brilliant and effective manner in which, without the slightest apparent effort, he often brought the rich stores of European learning to bear on foreign subjects, what valuable light he would have thrown on matters yet understood imperfectly, or not at all.

It appears to have been his intention to have visited the scenes here described a second time previous to the publication of his notes; intending, by this means, to correct any false impressions or erroneous conclusions on which he might have stumbled. It pleased Providence, however, to call him away before he could fulfil this very proper intention; and it is to the pious care of his widow we are indebted for the work in its present shape.

Previous to the commencement of the *Indian Journal*, we are favoured with a diary of the voyage out, and a more minute and faithful picture of sea-life in the best class of passage-ships we can scarcely conceive. With most on board, the time appears to have passed pleasantly; so much so, indeed, with some (probably the unmarried passen-

gers of both sexes), that the bishop, evidently hinting at their flirtations, expresses an opinion that they would think the voyage but too brief, and sorely regret its termination.

At length, after a passage of sixteen weeks, they cast anchor in Saugor Roads, on the 3rd October, 1823, and from that day the Indian Journal commences. As the remarks of a traveller on reaching a foreign and distant shore, whilst the eye is yet unfamiliar with its peculiar aspect and scenery, are always interesting, we transfer to our columns the author's

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA.

"One of the first specimens of the manners of the country which has fallen under our notice has been a human corpse, slowly floating past, according to the well-known custom of the Hindoos. About twelve o'clock some boats came on board with fish and fruit, manned by Hindoos from the coast.

"They were all small slender men, extremely black, but well made, with good countenances and fine features—certainly a handsome race; the fruits were shaddocks, plantains, and coconuts, none good of their kind, as we were told. The shaddock resembles a melon externally, but it is in fact a vast orange, with a rind of two inches thick, the pulp much less juicy than a common orange, and with rather a bitter flavour, certainly a fruit which would be little valued in England, but which in this burning weather I thought rather pleasant and refreshing. The plantain grows in bunches, with its stalks arranged side by side; the fruit is shaped like a kidney potato, covered with a loose dusky skin which peels off easily with the fingers. The pulp is not unlike an over-ripe pear.

"While we were marketing with these poor people, several large boats from the Maldiv Islands passed, which were pointed out to me by the pilot as objects of curiosity, not often coming to Calcutta: they have one mast, a very large square mainsail, and one topsail; are built, the more solid parts of cocowood, the lighter of bamboo, and sail very fast and near the wind; each carries from thirty to fifty men, who are all sharers in the vessel and her cargo, which consists of cowries, dried fish, coconut oil, and the coir or twine made from the fibres of the same useful tree; and each has a small cabin to himself.

"Several boats of larger dimension soon after came alongside; one was decked, with two masts, a bowsprit, and rigged like a schooner without top-sails. The master and crew of this last were taller and finer men than those whom we had seen before; the former had a white turban wreathed round a red cap, a white short shirt without sleeves, and a silver armlet a little above the elbow; the crew were chiefly naked, except a cloth round the loins; the colour of all was the darkest shade of antique bronze, and, together with the elegant forms and well-turned limbs of many among them, gave the spectator a perfect impression of the Grecian statues of that metal; in stature and apparent strength they were certainly much inferior to the generality of our ship's company.

"Two observations struck me forcibly; first, that the deep bronze tint is more naturally agreeable to the human eye than the fair skins of Europe, since we are not displeased with it even in the first instance, while it is well known that to them a fair complexion gives the idea of ill-health, and of that sort of deformity which in our eyes belongs to an Albino. There is, indeed, something in a negro which requires long habit to reconcile the eye to him; but for this the features and the hair, far more than the colour, are answerable. The second observation was, how entirely the idea of indelicacy, which would naturally belong to such naked figures as those now around us if they were white, is prevented by their being of a different colour from ourselves. So much are we children of association and habit, and so instinctively and immediately do our feelings adapt themselves to a total change of circumstances! it is the partial and inconsistent change only which affects us.

"The whole river, and the general character of this shore and muddy stream, remind me strongly at this moment of the Don, between Tcherkask and Asof—and Kedgere, a village on the opposite side of the river from Saugor, if it had but a church, would not be unlike Oxai, the residence of the Attaman Platoff."

At this time the bishop had not been ashore; his impressions, however, on first reaching it are equally worthy of transcript.

AN INDIAN LANDSCAPE.

"As we approached the village of Fulta, a number of men and boys came out to meet us, all naked except the cummerbund, with very graceful figures, and distinguished by a mildness of countenance almost approaching to effeminacy. They regarded us with curiosity, and the children crowded round with great familiarity. The objects which surrounded us were of more than common beauty and interest; the village, a collection of mud-walled cottages, thatched, and many of them covered with a creeping plant bearing a beautiful broad leaf, of the gourd species,

stood irregularly scattered in the midst of a wood of coco-palms, fruit, and other trees, among which the banyan was very conspicuous and beautiful; we were cautioned against attempting to enter the houses, as such a measure gives much offence. Some of the natives, however, came up and offered to shew us the way to the pagoda,—‘the Temple,’ they said, ‘of Mahadeo.’ We followed them through the beautiful grove which overshadowed their dwellings, by a winding and narrow path; the way was longer than we expected, and it was growing dusk; we persevered, however, and arrived in front of a small building with three apertures in front, resembling lancet windows of the age of Henry II. A flight of steps led up to it, in which the Brahmin of the place was waiting to receive us,—an elderly man, naked like his flock, but distinguished by a narrow band of cotton twist thrown two or three times doubled across his right shoulder and breast, like a scarf, which is a mark of distinction worn, I understand, by all Brahmins; a fine boy, with a similar badge, stood near him, and another man, with the addition of a white turban, came up and said he was a police-officer (‘police-walla’). The occurrence of this European word in a scene so purely Oriental had a whimsical effect. It was not, however, the only one which we heard, for the Brahmin announced himself to us as the ‘Padre’ of the village, a name which they have originally learnt from the Portuguese, but which is now applied to religious persons of all descriptions all over India, even in the most remote situations, and where no European penetrates once in a century. The village we were now in, I was told, had probably been very seldom visited by Europeans, since few persons stop on the shore of the Ganges between Diamond Harbour and Fulta. Few of the inhabitants spoke Hindoostanee. Mr. Mill tried the Brahmin in Sanscrit, but found him very ignorant; he, indeed, owned it himself, and said in excuse, they were poor people.

“I greatly regretted I had no means of drawing a scene so beautiful and interesting.

“I never recollect having more powerfully felt the beauty of similar objects. The green-house-like smell and temperature of the atmosphere which surrounded us, the exotic appearance of the plants and of the people, the verdure of the fields, the dark shadows of the trees, and the exuberant and neglected vigour of the soil, teeming with life and food, neglected, as it were, out of pure abundance, would have been striking under any circumstances; they were still more so to persons just landed from a three months’ voyage; and to me, when associated with the recollection of the objects which have brought me out to India, the amiable manners and countenances of the people, contrasted with the symbols of their foolish and polluted idolatry now first before me, impressed me with a very solemn and earnest wish that I might in some degree, however small, be enabled to conduce to the spiritual advantage of creatures, so goodly, so gentle, and now so misled and blinded. ‘*Angeli ferent, si essent Christiani!*’ As the sun went down, many monstrous bats, bigger than the largest crows I have seen, and chiefly to be distinguished from them by their indented wings, unloosed their hold from the palm-trees, and sailed slowly around us. They might have been supposed the guardian genii of the pagoda.”

Arrived at Calcutta, the Bishop entered at once on the sacred office. He makes, however, but small allusion to the state in which he found the Christian Church on his arrival, and gives no particulars of the plans which he proposed to adopt for the extension of her influence through the populous countries under his spiritual care. His object, indeed, from the commencement of the journal to its premature close, appears to have been little more than simply to jot down on the spot whatsoever struck him as worthy of record in the physical aspect of the country, and in the peculiarity of character and custom observable in the people; and, no doubt, had his life been spared, he would have digested these into a valuable work. However, that which is wanting in the “Journal” is in a great measure supplied by his private correspondence with the Dean of St. Asaph, the Right Hon. Watkyn Wynn, Messrs. Wilmot Horton, Thornton, &c. &c. which has been very properly included in this edition. It is in these letters, especially, that the gentle, affectionate, earnest soul of Heber stands honourably and conspicuously developed. Scattered through them will be found matter from which, when collected and arranged, pretty accurate conclusions as to the religious and educational condition of our Indian empire may be deduced; and, in addition to this, not a few practical suggestions for their improvement, which might be turned to profitable account at the present day.

After a residence at Calcutta of some eight months, the Bishop started on his tour of *visitation* through the Upper Provinces. In this long and arduous journey he passed through the most inte-

resting districts, and visited nearly all the most important and remarkable places within the British territory. During his course, neither does the closeness of his observation nor his industry appear for a moment to have relaxed. Nothing seems to have escaped him; and we question whether the whole range of English literature furnishes a more graphic, minute, and faithful detail of Indian life and scenery than is afforded by these pages.

To follow him from place to place throughout this formidable tour would here be impracticable; we must, therefore, be content with giving such extracts from his notes as will be most entertaining, and afford, at the same time, a fair idea of the spirit and manner in which he wrote. The following sketchy picture of Benares will be read with interest by those who remember the profound veneration in which it is held by the entire population, from Tartary downwards to the southernmost extremity of the Carnatic:—

THE HOLY CITY.

“In our way to and from the school I had an opportunity of seeing something of Benares, which is a very remarkable city, more entirely and characteristically Eastern than any which I have yet seen, and at the same time altogether different from any thing in Bengal. No Europeans live in the town, nor are the streets wide enough for a wheel-carriage. Mr. Frazer’s gig was stopped short almost in its entrance, and the rest of the way was passed in tonjons, through alleys so crowded, so narrow, and so winding, that even a tonjon sometimes passed with difficulty. The houses are mostly lofty, none, I think, less than two stories, most of three, and several of five or six, a sight which I now for the first time saw in India. The streets, like those of Chester, are considerably lower than the ground-floors of the houses, which have mostly arched rows in front, with little shops behind them. Above these the houses are richly embellished with verandahs, galleries, projecting oriel windows, and very broad and overhanging eaves, supported by carved brackets. The number of temples is very great, mostly small, and stuck like shrines in the angles of the streets and under the shadow of the lofty houses. Their forms, however, are not ungraceful, and they are many of them entirely covered over with beautiful and elaborate carvings of flowers, animals, and palm-branches, equalling in minuteness and richness the best specimens that I have seen of Gothic or Grecian architecture. The material of the buildings is a very good stone from Chunar, but the Hindoos here seem fond of painting them a deep red colour, and, indeed, of covering the more conspicuous parts of their houses with paintings in gaudy colours of flower-pots, men, women, bulls, elephants, gods, and goddesses, in all their many-formed, many-headed, many-handed, and many-weaponed varieties. The sacred bulls devoted to Siva, of every age, tame and familiar as mastiffs, walk lazily up and down these narrow streets, or are seen lying across them, and hardly to be kicked up (any blows, indeed, given them must be of the gentlest kind, or woe be to the profane wretch who braves the prejudices of this fanatic population) in order to make way for the tonjon. Monkeys sacred to Hunimann, the divine ape who conquered Ceylon for Rama, are in some parts of the town equally numerous, clinging to all the roofs and little projections of the temples, putting their impertinent heads and hands into every fruiterer’s or confectioner’s shop, and snatching the food from the children at their meals. Fakirs’ houses, as they are called, occur at every turn, adorned with idols, and sending out an unceasing tinkling and strumming of vinas, biyals, and other discordant instruments, while religious mendicants of every Hindoo sect, offering every conceivable deformity which chalk, cow-dung, disease, matted locks, distorted limbs, and disgusting and hideous attitudes of penance can shew, literally line the principal streets on both sides. The number of blind persons is very great (I was going to say of lepers also, but I am not sure whether the appearance on the skin may not have been filth and chalk), and here I saw repeated instances of that penance of which I had heard much in Europe, of men with their legs or arms voluntarily distorted by keeping them in one position, and their hands clenched till the nails grew out at the backs. Their pitiful exclamations as we passed, ‘Agha Sahib,’ ‘Topee Sahib’ (the usual names in Hindostan for an European), ‘khana ke waste kooch cheez do,’ ‘give me something to eat,’ soon drew from me what few pice I had, but it was a drop of water in the ocean, and the importunities of the rest, as we advanced into the city, were almost drowned in the hubbub which surrounded us. Such are the sights and sounds which greet a stranger on entering this ‘the most holy city’ of Hindostan, ‘the lotus of the world, not founded on common earth, but on the point of Siva’s trident,’ a place so blessed that whoever dies here, of whatever sect, even though he should be an eater of beef, so he will but be charitable to the poor Brahmins, is sure of salvation. It is, in fact, this very holiness

which makes it the common resort of beggars, since, besides the number of pilgrims, which is enormous from every part of India, as well as from Thibet and the Birman empire, a great multitude of rich individuals in the decline of life, and almost all the great men who are from time to time disgraced or banished from home by the revolutions which are continually occurring in the Hindoo states, come hither to wash away their sins, or to fill up their vacant hours with the gaudy ceremonies of their religion, and really give away great sums in profuse and indiscriminate charity. Amrut Row, for a short period of his life Peishwa of the Maharattas, and since enjoying a large pension from our government, in addition to a vast private fortune, was one of the chief of these almsgivers. On his name-day, that is, in Hindostan, the day on which his patron god is worshipped, he annually gave a seer of rice and a rupee to every Brahmin and every blind or lame person who applied between sunrise and sunset. He had a large garden a short distance from the city, with four gates, three of which were set open for the reception of the three different classes of applicants, and the fourth for the Peishwa and his servants to go backwards and forwards. On each person receiving his dole he was shewn into the garden, where he was compelled to stay during the day, lest he should apply twice, but he had shade, water, company, and idols enough to make a Hindoo, who seldom eats till sunset, pass his time very pleasantly. The sums distributed on these occasions are said to have, in some instances, amounted to above fifty thousand rupees. His annual charities altogether averaged, I was informed, probably three times that amount. He died the second night of my residence at Secrole. Mr. Brooke said he was really a good and kind man, religious, to the best of his knowledge, and unassuming, not from ostentation but principle. There are yet, I understand, some living instances of splendid bounty among the Hindoos of Benares—indeed Caisunker is no bad specimen, and on the whole my opinion of the people improves, though it was never so unfavourable as that of many good men in Calcutta. ‘God,’ I yet hope and believe, in the midst of the awful and besotted darkness which surrounds me, and of which, as well as its miserable consequences, I am now more sensible than ever, ‘God may have much people in this city!’”

At the fortress of Chunar Ghur, the Bishop inspected the seat of a strange superstition of the Hindoos; his impressions on that occasion are worthy of transcript here.

A HINDOO SUPERSTITION.

“In the last inclosure of the fortress, on the very summit of the mountain, and calculated to make a defence even after all the lower works had fallen, are several very interesting buildings. One of them is the old Hindoo palace, a central dome surrounded by several vaulted apartments, with many remains of painting and carving, but dark, low, and impervious to heat; on one side of this is a loftier and more airy building, now used as an armoury, but formerly the residence of the Mussulman governor, with handsome rooms and beautifully carved oriel windows, such as one reads of in Mrs. Ratcliffe’s castles. A little further on in the bastion is an extraordinary well or reservoir, about fifteen feet in diameter, and cut to a great depth in the solid rock, but the water of which is not sufficiently good to be used, except in case of necessity. In front of the Hindoo palace, in the pavement of the court, are seen four small round holes, just large enough for a man to pass through, below which is the state prison of ancient times. Well is it for Trimbuk-jee that his lot is thrown in better days! This is a horrible dungeon indeed, with neither light, air, nor access, except what these apertures supply to a space of forty feet square. It is now used as a cellar. But the greatest curiosity of all remains to be described. Colonel Robertson called for a key, and unlocking a rusty iron door in a very rugged and ancient wall, said he would shew me the most holy place in all India. Taking off his hat, he led the way into a small square court, overshadowed by a very old peepul-tree, which grew from the rock on one side, and from one of the branches of which hung a small silver bell. Under it was a large slab of black marble, and opposite on the walls, a rudely carved rose enclosed in a triangle. No image was visible, but some Sepoys who followed us in, fell on their knees, kissed the dust in the neighbourhood of the stone, and rubbed their foreheads with it. On this stone, Colonel Alexander said, the Hindoos all believe that the Almighty is seated, personally, though invisibly, for nine hours every day, removing during the other three hours to Benares. On this account the Sepoys apprehend that Chunar can never be taken by an enemy, except between the hours of six and nine in the morning, and for the same reason, and in order by this sacred neighbourhood to be out of all danger of witchcraft, the kings of Benares, before the Mussulman conquest, had all the marriages of their family celebrated in the adjoining palace. I own I felt some little emotion in standing on this mimic ‘mount Calasay.’ I was struck with the absence of

idols, and with the feeling of propriety which made even a Hindoo reject external symbols in the supposed actual presence of the Deity, and I prayed inwardly that God would always preserve in my mind, and in his own good time instruct these poor people, in what manner, and how truly he is indeed present both here and everywhere."

On his way from Kulleanpoor to Ruderpoor, our author met with an adventure, which induced him for a brief while to change his character, and this was nothing less than

A TIGER HUNT.

"We set out a little after three, on four elephants, with a servant behind each howdah carrying a large chattrah, which, however, was almost needless. The raja, in spite of his fever, made his appearance too, saying that he could not bear to be left behind. A number of people, on foot and horseback, attended from our own camp and the neighbouring villages, and the same sort of interest and delight was evidently excited which might be produced in England by a great coursing party. The raja was on a little female elephant, hardly bigger than the Durham ox, and almost as shaggy as a poodle. She was a native of the neighbouring wood, where they are generally, though not always, of a smaller size than those of Bengal and Chittagong. He sat in a low howdah, with two or three guns ranged beside him ready for action. Mr. Boulderson had also a formidable apparatus of muskets and fowling-pieces projecting over his mohout's head. We rode about two miles across a plain covered with long jungle-grass, which very much put me in mind of the country near the Cuban. Quails and wild-fowl rose in great numbers, and beautiful antelopes were seen scudding away in all directions. With them our party had no quarrel; their flesh is good for little, and they are in general favourites both with native and English sportsmen, who feel disinclined to meddle with a creature so graceful and so harmless.

"At last we came to a deeper and most marshy ground, which lay a little above the tope pointed out to us; and while Mr. Boulderson was doubting whether we should pass through it or skirt it, some country people came running to say that the tiger had been tracked there that morning. We therefore went in, keeping line as if we had been beating for a hare. Through grass so high that it reached up to the howdah of my elephant, though a tall one, and almost hid the raja entirely. We had not gone far before a very large animal of the deer kind sprang up just before me, larger than a stag, of a dusky brown colour, with spreading but not palmated horns. Mr. Boulderson said it was a 'mohr,' a species of elk; that this was a young one, but that they sometimes grew to an immense size, so that he had stood upright between the tips of their horns. He could have shot it, but did not like to fire at present, and said it was, after all, a pity to meddle with such harmless animals. The mohr accordingly ran off unmolested, rising with splendid bounds up to the very top of the high jungle, so that his whole body and limbs were seen from time to time above it. A little further another rose, which Mr. Boulderson said was the female; of her I had but an imperfect view. The sight of these curious animals had already, however, well repaid my coming out, and from the animation and eagerness of everybody round me, the anxiety with which my companions looked for every waving of the jungle-grass, and the continued calling and shouting of the horse and foot behind us, it was impossible not to catch the contagion of interest and enterprise.

"At last the elephants all drew up their trunks into the air, began to roar, and to stamp violently with their fore-feet, the raja's little elephant turned short round, and in spite of all her mohout could say or do, took up her post, to the raja's great annoyance, close in the rear of Mr. Boulderson. The other three (for one of my baggage elephants had come out too, the mohout, though unarmed, not caring to miss the show) went on slowly but boldly, with their trunks raised, their ears expanded, and their sagacious little eyes bent intently forward. 'We are close upon him,' said Mr. Boulderson; 'fire where you see the long grass shake, if he rises before you.' Just at that moment my elephant stamped again violently. 'There, there,' cried the mohout, 'I saw his head!' A short roar, or rather loud growl, followed, and I saw immediately before my elephant's head the motion of some large animal stealing away through the grass. I fired as directed, and, a moment after, seeing the motion still more plainly, fired the second barrel. Another short growl followed, the motion was immediately quickened, and was soon lost in the more distant jungle. Mr. Boulderson said, 'I should not wonder if you hit him that last time; at any rate we shall drive him out of the cover, and then I will take care of him.' In fact, at that moment, the crowd of horse and foot spectators at the jungle side began to run off in all directions. We went on to the place, but found it was a false alarm, and, in fact, we had seen all we were to see of him, and went twice more through the jungle in vain. A large extent of high grass stretched out in one direction, and this we had now not sufficient daylight to explore. In fact, that

the animal so near me was a tiger at all I have no evidence but its growl, Mr. Boulderson's belief, the assertion of the mohout, and what is, perhaps, more valuable than all the rest, the alarm expressed by the elephants. I could not help feeling some apprehension that my firing had robbed Mr. Boulderson of his shot, but he assured me that I was quite in rule; that in such sport no courtesies could be observed, and that the animal, in fact, rose before me, but that he should himself have fired without scruple if he had seen the rustle of the grass in time. Thus ended my first, and probably my last, essay in the 'field sports' of India, in which I am much mistaken, notwithstanding what Mr. Boulderson said, if I harmed any living creature."

We must here conclude this notice of Bishop Heber's Indian Journal. To all who are desirous of forming accurate notions of men and things as they exist in our vast and valuable Indian territories, and to those, also, who, in reading, seek chiefly for entertainment, we cordially recommend these charming volumes. For the graphic and faithful pictures of Indian life and scenery which they continually present, the purity of thought, and the freshness and unaffected simplicity of style that distinguishes them throughout, we shall ever hold them in affectionate remembrance.

SCIENCE.

Mesmerism and its Opponents, with a Narrative of Cases. By GEORGE SANDBY, Jun. M. A. Vicar of Flixton, Suffolk. London, 1844. Longman and Co.

THE immediate purpose of this volume was the refutation of a sermon by the Rev. HUGH McNEIL, entitled "*Satanic Agency and Mesmerism*," which has been very widely circulated, and the avowed object of which was to teach that mesmerism, if not altogether an imposture, was accomplished through the agency of the devil, thereby terrifying many worthy persons into a sort of panic, and trying by this time-honoured resource to bear down by abuse those whom the reverend gentleman was unable to refute by argument.

But it was an unnecessary labour, and we suspect it will prove a fruitless one. McNEIL's audience could not understand an argument if they could be prevailed upon to listen to it; but they will not so much as hearken, nor see, but applaud to the echo his language of unmitigated bigotry in that sermon; "I have seen nothing of it, nor do I think it right to tempt God by going to see it."

We will not follow our author through his triumphant answer to the falsehoods and fallacies of the sermon in question, nor should we have done more than announce to our readers that such a book has been published, but that Mr. SANDBY has seized the opportunity to record the recent progress of mesmerism, and to make known a number of interesting cases that have been observed by himself or by friends whose names authenticate the narrative. From the controversial portion of the volume we shall take but one extract, but it is very beautiful! It is a poem written by a gifted friend of Mr. SANDBY, Miss ANNA SAVAGE.

ON HEARING MESMERISM CALLED IMPIOUS.
"Call not the gift unholy: 'tis a fair—a precious thing,
That God hath granted to our hands for gentlest ministr'ing.
Did Mercy ever stoop to bless with dark unearthly spell?
Could impious power whisper peace the soul's deep throes
to quell?
Would evil seek to work but good,—to lull the burning
brain,
And linger in some scene of woe, beside the bed of pain,—
To throw upon the o'erfraught heart the blessing of repose,—
Untiring watch the eye of care in healing slumber close,—
And as the agony of grief fell 'neath the Spirit's will,
O'er the wild billows of despair breathe tenderly—Be still?
Speak gently of the new-born gift, restrain the scoff and
sneer,
And think how much we may not learn is yet around us
here;
What paths there are where Faith must lead, that Knowledge
cannot share,
Though still we tread the devious way, and feel that Truth
is there.
Say, is the world so full of joy,—hath each so fair a lot,
That we should scorn one bounteous gift, and scorn to use
it not,
Because the finite thought of man grasps not its hidden
source?
Do we reject the stream, because we cannot track its course?
Hath Nature, then, no mystic law we seek in vain to scan?
Can man, the master-piece of God, trace the unerring plan

That places o'er the restless sea the bounds it cannot pass;
That gives the fragrance to the flower, the 'glory to the
grass'?"

Oh! Life with all its fitful gleams hath sorrow for its dower,
And with the wrung heart dwell the pang and many a weary
hour;

Hail, then, with gladness what may sooth the aching brain to
rest;

And call not impious that which brings a blessing and is
blest.

The gladden'd soul re-echoes praise where'er this power
hath been;

And what in mercy God doth give, O 'call not thou un-
clean!"

The third chapter opens with an account of the unbelievers in mesmerism, and in this the author narrates the history of his own conversion.

"It may be then desirable to state that I was an unbeliever in mesmerism: perhaps it would be more correct to say, that I scarcely thought on the subject. A few years back I went to the mesmeric exhibitions of the Baron Dupotet in Wigmore-street, and returned from them disgusted and incredulous: and from conversations that I subsequently held with medical men, I was led to resolve the whole appearances into 'monotony,' 'imagination,' and 'nervousness.' All this is stated, to shew my previous state of mind. The change, then, that was wrought in me—the change from scepticism or indifference to earnest conscientious conviction was no sudden hasty impulse, but the result of cautious observation, and slow and gradual in its growth. I was placed in such circumstances, that in my own despite, I was compelled to be present and witness facts. I watched them, however, with the most anxious jealousy. I trusted to my own eye-sight alone, and took nothing for granted. I have gone from case to case, and from one patient to another, and seen them all under different states of mind and body, and studied all the effects with the most unwearied diligence for months. And if plain common sense, untrammelled by the jargon of science, may be allowed to give an opinion, my conclusion from the whole is, that there is no one fact in nature more unquestionable, than that in certain conditions, hitherto unascertained, of the human body, one person is capable of producing a powerful action on the physical system of another, and that through some medium perfectly independent of the imagination of the recipient."

He then cites a number of cases which he has witnessed, the most remarkable of which is that of Anne Vials, whose arm was amputated at Guy's Hospital in 1841; after the operation a nervous twitching came on, accompanied with torturing neuralgic pains. When all else had failed, mesmerism was tried and effected a cure. But the phenomena exhibited by her in the mesmeric state were new and interesting. They are thus described.

"With the improvement of her health the most beautiful phenomena step by step developed themselves,—so beautiful indeed as to attract the admiration of a large number of inquiring spectators, who came to watch and study the case. She became what is called an ecstatic dreamer. Her nervous system had fallen into so peculiar and extremely excited a state, from the effects of this long and painful disease, that the mesmeric action brought out an exaltation, and a great spiritual activity of the higher organs of the brain. And all these effects appeared spontaneously and unlooked for. Not only did she become a somnambulist,—i.e. not only were the common results of the sleep-waking state produced,—but an ecstasy,—a spirituality,—a rapt devotional feeling, such as appeared to draw a veil over the scenes of this lower world, regularly came on. To make myself understood, I will describe the effects as they occurred on my first visit. A few minutes sufficed to throw her into a trance, by the simple application of the hand held over the head without contact. First, would there come a slight nervous action of the stump, which was suddenly arrested,—a peculiar movement of the eyelids followed,—the eyes closed,—and she fell back in a deep stupor. From this state she could not be aroused by any application whatsoever; she appeared insensible to pain, and to the action of ammonia, or of lucifer matches burning under her nose. After the lapse of some minutes, she began to move uneasily,—when on being addressed by her mesmeriser, she answered, and sat up in a sort of sleep-waking state, conversing freely, though unaware of the presence of strangers. Suddenly she fell back again into the stupor. In this she remained a short time; when slowly rising from the recumbent position, and gradually lifting up her arm, and pointing as it were to heaven, she opened her eyes, looking upwards with the most intense expression of adoration. The effect was truly sublime. It approached the character of what we may conceive of the devotional rapture of the seraph. Prayer, veneration,—an admiration of the unseen world,—a contemplation of the divine and the celestial, seemed to absorb every faculty of her soul. Her features,

which in their natural state are most homely, were lighted up with a spirituality almost angelic. Though she is nothing but an ignorant factory girl, and accustomed to the most menial occupations, her gestures in this state were beautiful in the extreme. In short, so striking,—so extraordinary was the whole appearance of this poor one-armed girl in her dream,—such a combination was it of the graceful and of the sublime,—that even a Siddons might have made her attitudes a study for the drama, and Raphael himself not disdained to borrow many a hint for the highest flights of his pencil. Domenichino's Sybille in the Palazzo Borghese, at Rome, may give some idea of the elevated beauty of her devotions. In fact, I cannot describe the effect better than by adding, that one of the spectators, whose name on matters of taste is of the very highest authority, after witnessing the scene, walked from the house down several streets, preserving the most profound silence; and upon his companion at length inquiring of what he was thinking,—'Thinking,' he answered, 'of what could I be thinking, than of what grovelling creatures we are,—while that poor girl seemed a being of another world!'

Mr. SANDBY then gives a list of the distinguished persons by whom mesmerism is admitted and practised in this country. We select two or three of these.

"Colonel Sir Thomas Willshire, commanding at Chatham, has practised mesmerism extensively, and with great success. It is no new thing to see the gallant profession of arms lending the warmest aid to the cause of humanity; and many military men, with a zeal and benevolence that reflects the highest honour upon them, have taken up our science. To Sir Thomas Willshire, in particular, occupying as he does so distinguished a position, the highest admiration is due; and while very many interesting particulars could be related by him, one is so striking, that it cannot be too often laid before the public.

"A nursery servant, who had been for a long time suffering pain, in her upper jaw, of a most excruciating kind, was compelled to undergo a *severe operation* on its account. The pain was so intense, that she could scarcely bear a touch on the part affected. Sir T. Willshire put her into the mesmeric trance, and the surgeon commenced the operation. It lasted more than five minutes. *She did not feel it the least.* Not a muscle or nerve either twitched or moved. When Sir Thomas awoke her, she was not conscious of having gone through the operation.

"It should be added that the sympathy of taste was developed in this case. When Sir Thomas took wine, the patient said she tasted it. The same experiment was tried with biscuit, and she 'tasted biscuit.' And though she felt not the pain of the operation, when Captain Valiant pinched Sir Thomas's hand, she immediately felt it, and said she did not like it.

"Earl Stanhope, whose philanthropy and Christian kindness are so universally known and admired, is a practitioner of the science. This excellent nobleman is not deterred by popular prejudice, or by the ridicule which some newspapers have endeavoured to cast upon him for his zeal in the cause,—from appearing as the advocate of truth. In a letter, of which he has permitted me to make use, the noble lord mentions several cases in which he had been of signal service to some of his sick and poorer neighbours. In particular, he gives the case of a young man, aged twenty-seven, who had been obliged to give up his place on account of a nervous affection which produced syncope upon every trifling excitement. After being mesmerised a few times, he was perfectly cured. Another was the case of a young woman, aged twenty-two, the daughter of a day-labourer, who was afflicted with such violent epileptic fits, that she also was obliged to retire from service. After a treatment of a short duration, she was pronounced quite well, and returned to her situation with her former master. Other very interesting particulars could be added, if the limits of this work allowed it."

"Captain Valiant, of Chatham, who, a short time ago, was a 'thorough sceptic,' as he called himself, is now a most powerful and successful mesmeriser. Numerous cases could be related in which he has relieved pain, reduced swellings, and obtained a complete cure. His power seems unusually great. He writes, 'I have myself mesmerised many persons of both sexes, and have seen others succeed with a great many more. I have also, in many cases, without putting the patient to sleep, removed head-aches, tooth-aches, sore-throats, and several other pains, not only in women, but strong men, merely by manipulating the parts affected.' Space is wanting for an insertion of some interesting facts connected with a few of his patients, but the attention of the reader is invited to the following:—'In my practice of mesmerism, I have met two curious cases which perhaps may be worth mentioning. In both of these my subjects were powerful men, brother captains in the army, whom I had repeatedly tried to mesmerise, but could only succeed in closing their eyes, without being able to put them to sleep, so that they could not possibly open them, till I de-

mesmerised them. I could close their eyes in about two minutes, even by giving them a glass of magnetized water. I had also the power of catalepting the limbs of one of them by making passes over them.' Captain Valiant's testimony, like that of Mr. Townshend's, is a most valuable answer to those who think that mesmerism applies only to patients that are 'highly nervous and hysterical.'

"Mr. Gardiner, of Portsmouth, is a powerful supporter of the truth of mesmerism. He gives a valuable account of the extraction of two teeth, attended by most painful circumstances, without the consciousness of the party. 'During the whole of this trying operation not a groan or complaint escaped the patient.' Other severe operations have been performed by him 'without any manifestation of feeling' on the part of the patient."

"Mr. Nicholles, of Bruton-street, has extracted two or three teeth from patients in the mesmeric sleep, without their knowledge. In his last case, he says, 'The pulse was 108 under the mesmeric influence, and rose a little during the operation. On being awakened, she expressed the most lively gratitude and delight at having lost her troublesome companion.'

These are but a few from a long array of names beyond suspicion of imposture themselves, and certainly too acute to be imposed upon by others. But if such has been the progress of mesmerism at home, how has it thriven abroad? Hear Mr. SANDBY.

"It might have been added, that on the Continent mesmerism has been received as a fact (*un fait accompli*) for years; that in Germany it is studied and practised to a considerable extent; that in Prussia many physicians make use of it under the authority of government; and that in Berlin in particular the greatest success has attended its use: that in Stockholm degrees are granted in the university by an examination on its laws; that in Russia, the emperor appointed a commission of medical men to inquire into it, and that this commission pronounced it 'a very important agent,'—that the first physician of the emperor, and many others at Petersburg, speak in favour of its utility; and that at Moscow a systematic course of treatment under the highest auspices has been employed for years. In Denmark, physicians practise it under a royal ordinance and by a decree of the College of Health. In Holland, some of the first men take it up. In France, the extent to which it is practised is considerable indeed. I have it from good authority, that in Paris every fourth medical man is a mesmerist. A commission of the Royal Academy of Medicine there recommended that mesmerism should be allowed a place within the circle of the medical sciences (*comme moyen thérapeutique devrait trouver sa place dans le cadre des connaissances médicales*). Some of the first physicians in Paris affixed their signatures to this report. I might mention the cases related by Foissac in his Report: I might give extracts without number on the subject from different French and German works. I might quote from De Leuze, Puysegur, Wienholt, Treviranus, Brandis of Copenhagen, &c. *usque ad nauseam*. The great name of Hufeland of Berlin is a host in itself.

"I have a curious little French work by me, called *La Vérité du Magnétisme prouvée par les Faits*, in which the list of cures effected by a lady in Paris is quite marvellous. In the United States the same mighty progress has been made. Mr. Buckingham, the distinguished traveller, told me, that it is there practised to a very great extent. In his amusing work on that country he mentions several curious mesmeric cases and phenomena that he witnessed in Philadelphia, at the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, tried upon children in the presence of several physicians and legal gentlemen, when it appeared proved beyond suspicion, to the satisfaction of all present, that 'there was a complete suspension of the susceptibility of pain during the state' of mesmerism. Dr. Mitchell, an eminent physician of Philadelphia, mentioned an operation performed by him in the extraction of a tooth under most painful circumstances, when no feeling was experienced,—and no recollection of the fact existed afterwards. And who and what are the men that have thus advocated mesmerism? I shall answer in the words of the celebrated French physiologist, Dr. Georget, who says, 'It is a very astonishing thing that animal magnetism is not even known by name among the ignorant classes: it is among the enlightened ranks that it finds support. It is men who have received some education who have taken its cause in hand: it is partly learned men, naturalists, physicians, philosophers, who have composed the numerous volumes in its favour.'

We have before asserted our impression that mesmerism is artificial somnambulism. This is confirmed by one of the most extraordinary cases on record.

"The report is to be found in the 38th volume of the French *Encyclopædia*, on the authority of the then Archbishop of Bordeaux. It was the case of a young ecclesiastic, who walked in his sleep, took pen,

ink, and paper, and composed and wrote his sermons, and read, with his eyes closed. To test him, the archbishop held a piece of pasteboard before his face to prevent his seeing, but he appeared to see equally well. Now we repeat, that this case had no connection with mesmerism—that it is quite independent of it—that it occurred spontaneously and in a natural state, and is established on as high authority as any single fact in science. It was simply the effect of a morbid action on the nervous system of the young man. And so of all the other strange phenomena of mesmerism; there is not one of them but has its parallel in some instance of common somnambulism: and I know no study that would so well prepare the mind of the student for a due apprehension of this question as a perusal of the marvellous facts that have been recorded in the histories of many natural sleep-walkers. However, a further allusion to these singular manifestations is foreign to our purpose. My object is wholly utilitarian. And my endeavour has been to prove, by a copious body of statistics, that there is a state into which the human frame can be placed, from whence the most powerfully remedial results may be obtained, even in cases of extremest suffering."

Mr. SANDBY then refutes the various explanations put forth by those who, unable to refute the facts, try to avoid the conclusions to which they lead. Among other proofs he cites the report of the second commission of the Royal Academy of Medicine in Paris.

"After having given a most interesting and circumstantial account of their proceedings, they finish with a series of conclusions, to which they had arrived: they are thirty in number, and ought to be read, as well as the Report itself, by every one interested in the subject: space can only be afforded for a few extracts, but these are decisive enough. They say:—

"8. A certain number of the effects observed appeared to us to depend upon magnetism alone, and were never produced without its application. These are well established physiological and therapeutic phenomena.

"29. Considered as a cause of certain physiological phenomena, or as a therapeutic remedy, magnetism ought to be allowed a place within the circle of the medical sciences; and consequently, physicians only should practise it, or superintend its use, as is the case in the northern countries."

"And they conclude with saying,—'We dare not flatter ourselves with the hope of making you participate entirely in our conviction of the reality of the phenomena, which we have observed, and which you have neither seen, nor followed, nor studied along with us. We do not therefore demand of you a blind belief of all that we have reported. We conceive that a great proportion of these facts are of a nature so extraordinary, that you cannot afford them such a credence. . . . We only request that you would judge us as we should judge you,—that is to say, that you be completely convinced, that neither the love of the marvellous, nor the desire of celebrity, nor any views of interest whatever, influenced us during our labours.'

"This Report was signed by nine physicians. The two who did not sign did not consider themselves entitled to do so, from not having assisted at the experiments."

Mr. WAKLEY's pretence to have exposed the Okeys, when in the hands of Dr. Elliotson, will not be forgotten. Mr. SANDBY publishes a fact, by permission of a gentleman of great reputation, which completely establishes the verity of these cases.

"Mr. Gibbon Wakefield, as 'hard-headed and little credulous a man as exists,' had often excused himself, when invited, from going to University College Hospital to witness the mesmeric phenomena in the cases of these two sisters. At last he went, and was astonished; but still would not make up his mind to believe what he saw. 'When the experiments were over, and he was passing through some part of the hospital to leave it, he accidentally noticed one of the sisters with her back to him, hanging over the balusters carelessly, and looking down, still in the mesmeric delirium, and therefore highly susceptible. He thought this a favourable opportunity to test her, because he was satisfied that she could not see anything that he did. He made a pass behind her back at some distance with his hand directed to her, and she instantly was fixed and rigid, and perfectly senseless. He had sense enough to believe his senses,—and was now satisfied of the reality of all he had beheld.'"

A chapter is devoted to the dangers of mesmerism, which are chiefly the consequence of inexperience. Here is one, which we do not remember to have seen before.

"Another point on which inexperience may be thrown off its guard, and through which very formidable results might arise, is the danger of an imper-

fact partial waking. With some patients it is not always easy to distinguish at first the half state from full and restored consciousness; the patient seems perfectly awakened, and says he is so, and the unpractised operator would be apt to leave him. This is a condition of real danger: the patient has no more self-control or management of his actions than a child or idiot, and yet for a time will converse most sensibly, and recognize every person present. I have seen this distinctly in two patients. It happened to me one time with Anne Vials, whom I could not manage thoroughly to awaken. She said she was awake, and she walked about the room, and ate and talked as usual. I was on the point of leaving her, being persuaded that she was awake, when the sound of something peculiar in her voice caught my ear; I recognized it to be the tone of the sleeping, and not the waking state (for the tones are often different), and I soon had reason to discover that she was not awakened. The French call this state '*un somnambulisme imparfait*.' Townshend, in his *Facts*, mentions a case of the kind. It is not uncommon, and should be watched, as the patient might commit some action serious in its consequences, not only to himself, but to others."

Another very common objection is thus answered:—

"Another objection is, that the sleeper is placed in an undesirable state of feeling in regard to the mesmeriser; that there is an attraction towards him—something amounting to affection, or even love; and that this state of mind or feeling reduces the patient to an improper dependence on the will of another. That, in the mesmeric state, the sympathy between the mesmeriser and the sleeper is powerful and extraordinary, we all know; it is one of the most curious phenomena. The sensibility that is then produced is singular in the extreme. But the feeling is rather that which exists between two sisters than any thing else; it is a feeling which has a regard to the happiness, and the state of moral being of the mesmeriser; which is alive to injuries or pain inflicted on him—*which desires his well-being here and hereafter*. That it goes in any way beyond this is a mistake. Nay, as was before remarked, so far from the mesmeric sleep producing a state of feeling inconsistent with what is right, it is considered by the most experienced operators, that a great increase of the moral perceptions is created and brought out; and that if the mesmeriser were capable of commanding an improper or reprehensible act, the patient would revolt from an obedience to his will, with a language and manner even more decided and peremptory than when in a waking state. And in confirmation of this view, I can decidedly state from observation, that the intellectual faculties are surprisingly increased and developed in the sleep;—so much so, as to lead to the opinion that there is a general rise and exaltation of the whole moral being when under the mesmeric influence. Be this, however, as it may—and be the relation between the mesmeriser and the patient however peculiar, the whole sympathy and attraction are at an end and forgotten the moment the sleeper is awakened into actual existence."

The sixth chapter opens with an argument to shew that there is no discord between mesmerism and revelation, and that the charges so freely scattered about by its opponents of its tendency to Atheism are utterly groundless. Indeed similar weapons have been employed against the progress of science in all ages, and in our own day we have seen the now universally admitted truths of geology assailed by the same ready form of slander. With the enlightened class who read THE CRITIC it would be an insult to waste words in recapitulating a defence against a mode of attack they would never sanction.

The seventh and last chapter applies the phenomena of mesmerism to the investigation of the marvels and lying wonders that have prevailed in every age and country, and many events, the facts of which it is difficult to question, are shewn to be explicable through the agency of mesmerism. Many of the miracles of the early Catholic Church are thus accounted for; the ecstatic dreamers and prophetesses were mesmeric patients; every person who has seen a patient will immediately recognize the phenomena of mesmerism in the following cases recorded as miracles:—

"Isabeau Vincent, a young girl, aged seventeen, was constantly falling into a state of deep sleep, from which it was at times impossible to arouse her. They called to her with a loud voice,—they pushed her,—they pinched her,—they pricked her till they drew blood,—they burned her,—but nothing awoke her. She was soon regarded by her Protestant neighbours as a prophetess. For in her sleep she sang psalms,

and chanted long hymns, and made admirable prayers, and recited texts of Scripture,—which she expounded, and from which she formed her prophetic declarations. When she awoke, she remembered nothing of what she had said or prophesied during the ecstasis. And one other remarkable point in her condition was,—that she rarely awoke of herself,—but required assistance, and told those about her to awaken her."

"We have another remarkable prophetess in the reformed church, Christian Poniatova, of Bohemia. Her convulsions, trances, and visions took place in 1627, at the time that a sharp persecution was set on foot against the Protestant part of the Bohemian community. Her visions had reference to the prosperity and fortunes of the reformed church. Her sleep was most profound; during which she fell into an ecstasis. She then predicted several events; and she seems to have had in that state a certain species of *prévision*, such as mesmerised patients occasionally possess. Her Protestant partisans regarded the whole as a miracle, and the girl as divinely inspired. But here is the noticeable point: when she recovered her health, the supernatural disappeared. The malady and the miracle went away together. She afterwards married, and was no longer regarded as a prophetess."

"Mr. Colquhoun, in the *Isis Revelata*, gives us another case that occurred in Brazil, where a girl, named Sister Germaine, in 1808, was attacked by an hysterical affection, accompanied by serious ill health:—'She was in such a state, that she was no longer able to rise from her bed, and subsisted upon a regimen which could scarcely have supported the life of a new-born infant.' And now comes the miraculous part. The poor invalid fell into a deep trance: her arms grew stiff, and were extended in the form of a cross, and in this position remained for hours. Other circumstances, usual in this sort of ecstasis, took place; the whole was declared to be a miracle. Sister Germaine was regarded as a saint; and the concourse of pilgrims to visit her was immense. And now let us notice the close connection between natural and mesmeric somnambulism. The priest stated, that 'in the midst of the most fearful convulsions, it was always sufficient for him to touch the patient to restore her to perfect tranquillity. During her periodical ecstasies, when her limbs were so stiff that it would have been easier to break than bend them, her confessor, according to his own account, had only to touch her arm, in order to give it whatever position he thought proper.' Every mesmeriser who has had a patient in a rigid or cataleptic state can understand and believe the above narrative."

Of this class were Lord Shrewsbury's Ecstasies, whose case made so great a stir some three or four years since.

"We found her," says the noble lord, speaking of the Ecstasis, "in her usual state of ecstasy,—kneeling upon her bed, with her eyes uplifted, and her hands joined in the attitude of prayer, as motionless as a statue.... There was much of grace in her attitude.' 'Our first feeling was that of awe at finding ourselves in her presence.' She appeared 'motionless.' 'When in this state she neither sees nor hears: all her senses are absorbed in the object of her contemplation; she is entranced; but it is neither the trance of death nor the suspension of life, but a sort of supernatural existence,—dead indeed to this world,—but most feelingly alive to the other.' 'She had not the least perception of our presence.' 'Her confessor by a slight touch or word caused her to fall back upon her pillow.' 'Her confessor proposed that he should awaken her entirely from her trance.' 'In an instant the most perfect animation was restored to her.' 'The circumstance which struck us was the extreme facility with which her confessor transformed her from a state of perfect unconsciousness as to sensible objects to one of ordinary life.' 'She has been known to remain for hours in this state,'—'yet a gentle touch from her confessor, or any ecclesiastic with whom she is acquainted, is sufficient to dissolve the charm at once.'"

"A M. de la Bouilliere visited her on his way to Rome, and found her kneeling in a state of ecstasy, when he saw a fly walk quietly across the pupil of her eye, when wide open, without producing the slightest emotion."

"The Addolorata was much the same. 'She frequently lay entranced for a considerable time.' 'It was under these circumstances that during one night her whole head was encircled by small wounds.' 'Fourteen days after the crown of thorns, she received the stigmata in the hands and feet.' 'As a piece of deception,' says Lord Shrewsbury, 'it is both morally and physically impossible.' These are the main points in these two Roman Catholic miracles, with the addition of what has already been mentioned, 'the consciousness of the approach of the consecrated host.'"

And as for prophetesses, there is one at this

"*... Ces extases ne paraissent que comme un profond sommeil, duquel il était impossible de la tirer. On l'appelait à haute voix, on la poussait, on la pinçait, on la piquait jusqu'au sang, on la brûlait, rien ne la réveillait.'—BEN-TEAND. T. du Somnambulisme, p. 368."

moment in one of the midland counties, or at least who would have been accounted one in a less informed age.

"A young girl, the daughter of Socialist parents, and brought up by them in an ignorance and unbelief of Scripture, had been mesmerised on account of her health. She had been mesmerised by four different individuals, two of whom are friends of my own, without any remarkable effects of a mental character resulting. At last, she is mesmerised by a gentleman of strong religious feeling, whose knowledge of Scripture is most profound and accurate, and whose theological tenets are somewhat peculiar. Religion is, in fact, the uppermost occupation of his mind; and mark the effect at once on the Socialist patient. She straightway becomes in her sleep most conversant with the Bible;—she compares one text with another;—she interprets the Old Testament by the New;—she discovers the deepest meaning in most abstruse chapters; she is an expositor of what she declares are the *real* doctrines of the Gospel. That a Socialist girl should accomplish all this, is regarded as supernatural; she is considered as inspired—called a prophetess;—and at present no one can say what turn the delusion may take. Now any one who has studied the science may see, at a glance, that this is purely a case of mesmeric sympathy; the patient is reading the mind of the mesmeriser, and nothing else. There is no origination of idea, but a transference of thought to one whose intellectual powers are spiritualised by mesmerism. That this explanation is correct, we have curious corroborative testimony. The girl is placed *en rapport*, that is, in mesmeric communication, with a gentleman whose studies are altogether of an astrological character, and her talk is straightway of the 'stars.' She is placed *en rapport* with a lady, who declares that her innermost thoughts are laid bare by the patient; and both these parties know not what to think. Great hubbub is raised:—the neighbourhood is all stirred up; those who have a tendency towards religious novelties look for fresh revelations from the magical maid; those who adhere to the Evangelical section of the Church, raise a bigoted cry of Satanic agency; while simple nature is forgotten, and both sides overlook the fact that the patient is sympathetically united with the mind of the mesmerist."

We close this review of a very interesting and useful volume, which we recommend to all who wish to see the subject of mesmerism rationally handled, with an extract from the eloquent conclusion of the reverend author, whose courage in thus boldly coming forward to front prejudice will command for him the respect of all who advocate freedom of inquiry, as the manner in which he has performed his arduous task will secure their admiration.

"And now nothing remains but to congratulate the friends of truth, at the marked and steady progress that the great cause is making. The adversaries may be numerous and influential, but their number is diminishing daily. The established leaders of the medical profession, who have fixed the principles of their practice, and desire no disturbance in their views from a detection of a fresh and unknown law in nature; the accredited leaders of the Evangelical clergy, whose unfortunate love of popularity and power tempts them to uphold their otherwise well-deserved eminence by fanatical denunciations of the first object that perplexes them;—every weak and nervous woman, who deems it one of the privileges of the sex to surrender her reasoning faculties into the guidance of some favourite and spiritual adviser;—and, lastly, the large portion of the public that hates to think for itself, that loathes every thing which is new,—that calls reformation revolution,—and prefers a vapid uniformity of existence, to the animating pleasures of knowledge and discovery; these are the opponents of mesmerism; and with these any controversy is worse than useless. How cheering is the opposite side of the picture! The friends of the art are those of whom any cause might be proud. Men of science,—men of philosophy,—men whose benevolence is as wide and practical as their intellects are clear and commanding; these are our guides and champions in this glorious field of Christian usefulness, and under their banners a day of complete success cannot be far distant. But they are not merely a few select and leading minds that rank among its advocates; large bodies of men are taking up the question. It is a fact that a numerous portion of the junior members of the medical profession are alive to the truths of mesmerism, and only biding their time till the ripened mind of the public gives them a signal for its more general adoption. It is a fact that very many individuals among the younger portion of the clergy are conscious of the medicinal value of the science, and are introducing its practice as one of their means of parochial usefulness. Nay, the two extremes of the great social pyramid are both exerting their energies in the same direction. Mechanics' Institutes are taking the subject up; and many of the operatives in the North and in the

manufacturing towns have experienced a sense of its domestic benefit. But it is among our *haute noblesse* itself that the strongest division of supporters may perhaps be found. Some of the leading members of the aristocracy are practising the art for the benefit of their poorer brethren; and very many are giving to the subject a patient and anxious investigation. It is indeed one of the most favourable signs of the times—in spite of the fearful storms that seem to cloud the social horizon—this growing disposition on the part of all ranks of the community to devote themselves most extensively to the useful and to the instructive. There is perhaps at this moment no single department of science or general literature which cannot boast amongst its followers one or two most accomplished members from out of the circle of the British aristocracy. And mesmerism is no exception to the progressive character of their studies. In short, as Mr. Chenevix said a few years back, MESMERISM IS ESTABLISHED. Nothing but a general convulsion of society—a loss of the art of printing, and a return to the barbarous condition of those of old, can, humanly speaking, roll back that current of knowledge on the subject which is growing and expanding every year. Soon, very soon, will it be an acknowledged—an admitted branch of medical practice. And when that day shall at length arrive—when the mists of prejudice and bigotry shall be dispersed before the glowing splendours of the Sun of truth, and men shall look back in wonder at that hardened incredulity which checked its onward progress—let it never be forgotten who it was that in this country first placed the question on its legitimate footing—who it was that first took the practice out of the hands of the charlatan, and added its multiplied and profound resources to the former stores of the healing art—who it was that, risking the loss of friends, the loss of income, the loss of elevated standing in his own profession, stepped out manfully and truthfully from the timid crowd, and asserted the claims of this great discovery to a place within the circle of the medical sciences; and when the question is asked who it was that so boldly ventured on this untrodden ground, a grateful posterity will respond with the name of JOHN ELLIOTSON. But it will also be added, that he lived to see his calumniated art acknowledged and pursued; that he lived to see the stream of professional success flowing back to him with the full tide of popular support; that he lived to see every statement which he had advanced, every treatment which he had adopted, established and confirmed; and that, as one of the first physicians of the age, first in practice, and first in reputation, he was classed with the proudest names of that honourable band,

“ Qui sui memores fecere merendo.”

To every syllable of this we heartily subscribe.

POETRY.

Poems. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. London, 1844. Mudie.

THE preface to this volume informs us that the author “is a young American Poet of great promise, whose writings have already obtained considerable reputation in his own country;” and that it is “now re-printed in London, in the belief that its thoughtfulness and beauty will recommend it to the attention of the English public, more especially as it appears to furnish a fair specimen of that new development of intellect and feeling which renders much of the recent literature of America attractive to the minds of many Europeans.”

Having read these poems with attention, we are unable to subscribe entirely to the justice of this testimonial. They bear undoubted signs of promise, but we cannot say that their performance entitles them to the honour of republication, an honour which implies that the poet has established a claim to be enrolled among those who have made our language immortal by employing it as the medium through which they have given utterance to the divine spirit that is within them. LOWELL has genius, but it is as yet in embryo; it must take shape, and grow, and acquire bone, and thew, and muscle, before it can expect that world-renown which will make its utterances as familiar on the banks of the Thames as in the book-shops of New York.

But to attain this proud position, our poet must cultivate the germ which nature has planted in his soul with diligent and laborious care; there must be no relaxing in the study of nature as seen in the external world or read

in the deep heart of man. He must store his mind with all things that are true and beautiful; he must look with that inward eye,

“That is the bliss of solitude,”

upon the book which God has opened to him in creation, and hearken, with attentive ear, to

“The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, but of ample power
To chasten and subdue.”

He must habituate himself to self-reliance, and confide in his own high impulses and resolute will; he must not beg nor borrow from any—his own treasury has wealth sufficient for his needs; he has a mine which, worked with industry, will yield abundance of the purest ore; and, lastly, let him look at home for the sources of his inspiration.

Although a true poet is of all times and of all countries, because he embodies in words that nature which is every where the same in substance, he is yet the poet of his own age and his own country, because he paints that universal nature as it is modified by the forms amid which he lives, and moves, and has his being. Though he is for all time, he breathes but in a fraction of time; nor could any other age or place have given birth to him.

Now the most serious complaint we have to prefer against Mr. LOWELL, that indeed which somewhat dims the bright hopes of future greatness we should otherwise have entertained for him, is the besetting sin of all the poets America has produced—they are not *national*, there is no individuality about them.

For aught that appears in the subjects of these poems, or the treatment of them, the thoughts or the turn of them, the writer may have existed at any era since the Flood, or in any quarter of the habitable globe. Is it because America has not yet grown into a nation that her sons have no father-land, in the high spiritual meaning of that word? What of that! It is the divine mission of the poet, his holy task, to create a country, by peopling it with hallowed memories and beautiful associations.

This defect is peculiar to American poetry, but Mr. LOWELL has others that are common to him with all young poets. There is apparent a want of workmanlike skill in parts, and often there is a slovenliness, the result of too much haste in composition, or too little patience in correction. Poetry is an *art*, and the poet must submit to the rules of art if he would win a lasting fame. In all art there is much that is mechanical, and that can only be mastered by industry and patient practice, yet the finest thoughts are often marred for want of a little care to put them in the most pleasing robes. It is the fault of young poets that they seem to imagine poetry to be a thing that comes of its own impulse, armed *cap-a-pie* from the teeming brain, and they affect to despise the tedious toil of dressing up their thoughts, casting and re-casting them, clipping here and adding there, writing again and again, and placing them in various points of view, until the pure gem comes out unsullied by a single blot. It will be apparent, from the succeeding extracts, that Mr. LOWELL has not yet learned, or has not schooled himself to practise, this lesson.

But, as we have already observed, many and great merits are his, or we should not have devoted so much attention to his volume. It is because we discern the promise of a rich harvest that we seek to cultivate the early buds here put forth. Some of the leaves will reward the plucking, and though the book, as a whole, scarcely deserves the reputation it has won on its own soil, and will not enjoy the fame anticipated for it on ours, we light upon a fragment here and there which could not have come from the verse manufactory of any mock-poet, but has the stamp of genius impressed broadly upon its forehead.

The volume commences with a poem of some length, entitled *A Legend of Brittany*, the opening stanzas of which convey a very fair

notion of Mr. Lowell's style, and exhibit both his excellencies and his defects.

MARGARET.

“Fair as a summer dream was Margaret,—
Such dream as in a poet's soul might start,
Musing of old loves while the moon doth set;
Her hair was not more sunny than her heart,
Though like a natural golden coronet
It circled her dear head with careless art,
Mocking the sunshine, that would fain have lent
To its frank grace a richer ornament.

His loved-one's eyes could poet ever speak,
So kind, so dewy, and so deep were hers,—
But, while he strives, the choicest phrase, too weak,
Their glad reflection in his spirit blurs;
As one may see a dream dissolve and break
Out of his grasp when he to tell it stirs,
Like that sad Dryad doomed no more to bless
The mortal who revealed her loveliness.

She dwelt for ever in a region bright,
Peopled with living fancies of her own,
Where nought could come but visions of delight,
Far, far aloof from earth's eternal moan:
A summer cloud thrilled through with rosy light,
Floating beneath the blue sky all alone,
Her spirit wandered by itself, and won
A golden edge from some unsetting sun.

The heart grows richer that its lot is poor,—
God blesses want with larger sympathies,—
Love enters gladliest at the humble door,
And makes the cot a palace with his eyes;—
So Margaret's heart a softer beauty wore,
And grew in gentleness and patience wise,
For she was but a simple herdsman's child,
A lily chance-sown in the rugged wild.

There was no beauty of the wood or field
But she its fragrant bosom-secret knew,
Nor any but to her would freely yield
Some grace that in her soul took root and grew:
Nature to her glowed ever new revealed,
All rosy-fresh with innocent morning dew,
And looked into her heart with dim, sweet eyes
That left it full of sylvan memories.

O, what a face was hers to brighten light,
And give back sunshine with an added glow,
To wile each moment with a fresh delight,
And part of memory's best contentment grow!
O, how her voice, as with an inmate's right,
Into the strangest heart would welcome go,
And make it sweet, and ready to become
Of white and gracious thoughts the chosen home!

None looked upon her but he straightway thought
Of all the greenest depths of country cheer,
And into each one's heart was freshly brought
What was to him the sweetest time of year,
So was her every look and motion fraught
With out-of-door delights and forest lore:
Not the first violet on a woodland lea
Seemed a more visible gift of spring than she.”

Another stanza from a subsequent part of the same poem contains a pretty thought, prettily expressed.

HUMILITY OF LOVE.

“We only prize those hearts that do not prize
Themselves: love by its nature shrinks
From any thought of grovelling merchandise,
And, like a humming bird a-wing, it drinks
From flowerlike souls the honeydew that lies
Wide open to the air, and never thinks
Of its own worth or theirs, or aught beside
But joy and sunlight and life's morning tide.”

There is power in this description of

ORGAN MUSIC.

“Then swelled the organ: up through choir and nave
The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss at its own grandeur: wave on wave
Its flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave,
Then, pausing for a moment, it stood still,
And sank and rose again, to burst in spray
That wandered into silence far away.”

As a specimen of his more ambitious aims, read the conclusion of a poem entitled *Prometheus*. Moreover, it contains some good practical philosophy.

THE TEACHING OF THE FABLE OF PROMETHEUS.

“Year after year will pass away and seem
To me, in mine eternal agony,
But as the shadows of dumb summer-clouds,
Which I have watched so often darkening o'er
The vast Sarmatian plain, league-wide at first,
But, with still swiftness, lessening on and on
Till cloud and shadow meet and mingle where
The gray horizon fades into the sky,
Far, far to northward. Yes, for ages yet
Must I lie here upon my altar huge,
A sacrifice for man. Sorrow will be,
As it hath been, his portion; endless doom,
While the immortal with the mortal linked
Dreams of its wings and pines for what it dreams,
With upward yearning unceasing. Better so:
For wisdom is meek sorrow's patient child,
And empire over self, and all the deep
Strong charities that make them seem like gods;
And love, that makes them be gods, from her breasts
Sucks in the milk that makes mankind one blood.
Good never comes unmixed, or so it seems,
Having two faces, as some images
Are carved, of foolish gods; one face is ill;
But one heart lies beneath, and that is good,
As are all hearts, when we explore their depths.
Therefore, great heart, bear up! thou art but type
Of what all lofty spirits endure, that fain
Would win men back to strength and peace through
(Love:)

Each hath his lonely peak, and on each heart
 Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears lifelong
 With vulture beak; yet the high soul is left;
 And faith, which is but hope grown wise; and love
 And patience, which at last shall overcome."

In a very different strain is this fanciful
 little poem:—

THE FOUNTAIN.

<p>" Into the sunshine, Full of the light, Leaping and flashing From morn till night!</p> <p>Into the moonlight, Whiter than snow, Waving so flower-like When the winds blow!</p> <p>Into the starlight Rushing in spray, Happy at midnight, Happy by day!</p> <p>Ever in motion, Blithesome and cheery, Still climbing heavenward, Never weary;—</p>	<p>Glad of all venturers, Still seeming best, Upward or downward, Motion thy rest;—</p> <p>Full of a nature Nothing can tame, Changed every moment, Ever the same;—</p> <p>Ceaseless aspiring, Ceaseless content, Darkness or sunshine Thy element!—</p> <p>Glorious fountain! Let my heart be Fresh, changeful, constant, Upward, like thee!"</p>
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We have before noticed the tendencies of American literature towards the German philosophy. The sentiments CARLYLE has diffused here have been taught by EMERSON there, and we see them now continually reproduced in the books that come to us across the Atlantic. Of this school Mr. LOWELL is no unworthy pupil, as will appear from this singular but beautiful poem, quaintly entitled

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILWAY CAR.

" He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough
 Pressed round to hear the praise of one
 Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
 As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned
 Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
 His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
 From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
 Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,
 As if in him who read they felt and saw
 Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
 And slavish tyranny to see,
 A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
 In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence
 Promptings their former life above,
 And something of a finer reverence
 For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,
 Freely among his children all,
 And always hearts are lying open wide,
 Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
 Of a more true and open life,
 Which burst, unlooked-for, into high-souled deeds,
 With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
 Some wild germs of a higher birth,
 Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
 Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
 These promises of wider bliss,
 Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
 In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic
 In life or death, since time began,
 Is native in the simple heart of all,
 The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untought poor,
 Great deeds and feelings find a home,
 That cast in shadow all the golden lore
 Of classic Greece and Rome.

O, mighty brother-soul of man,
 Where'er thou art, in low or high,
 Thy skyey arches with exulting span
 O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age begin
 Deep down within the primitive soul,
 And from the many slowly upward win
 To one who grasps the whole:

In his broad breast the feeling deep
 That struggled on the many's tongue,
 Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
 O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,—wide
 In the great mass its base is hid,
 And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,
 A moveless pyramid.

Nor is far astray who deems
 That every hope, which rises and grows broad
 In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
 From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes: in common souls
 Hope is but vague and undefined,
 Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
 A blessing to his kind.

Never did poetry appear
 So full of heaven to me, as when
 I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
 To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
 Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
 High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
 Once in a century;—

But better far it is to speak
 One simple word, which now and then
 Shall waken their free nature in the weak
 And friendless sons of men;

So write some earnest verse or line,
 Which, seeking not the praise of art,
 Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
 In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
 May be forgotten in his day,
 But surely shall be crowned at last with those
 Who live and speak for aye."

The same strain of philosophy runs through the volume, and it adds much to its value that the poet never omits to read a useful lesson when opportunity offers; and so unobtrusively that the moral is rather felt than seen. Occasionally, indeed, he tells a tale, and reads a truthful homily upon it. Such is the poem entitled *Rhæcus*, embodying the old classic legend, which runs thus. Rhæcus, wandering in a wood,

" Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,"

and with right good feeling he propped it. As he turned to depart, he heard a sweet voice calling him by name, and a shape of exquisite beauty stood within the shadow of the tree. It was the Dryad of the oak, who offered to grant his request, whatever it might be. He asked her love. It was promised, and he appointed to be on the same spot at sunset.

" I give it, Rhæcus, though a perilous gift;
 An hour before the sunset meet me here;
 And straightway there was nothing he could see
 But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak,
 And not a sound came to his straining ears
 But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,
 And far away upon an emerald slope
 The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

In the city he was tempted by some companions to join them at dice. In the excitement of play he forgot his promise and the hour. A yellow bee, sent by the goddess, flew about him, but he beat it away. At length as the sun set the remembrance of his contract came back upon him, and he rushed to the fatal spot. He was too late; nothing could be seen beneath the oak, but he heard the sweet voice of the Dryad pronouncing his fate to live unloved. The legend thus concludes, and the moral is certainly pointed with great beauty.

" Then Rhæcus beat his breast, and groaned aloud,
 And cried, 'Be pitiful! forgive me yet
 This once, and I shall never need it more!'—
 'Alas!' the voice returned, 'tis thou art blind,
 Not I unmerciful; I can forgive,
 But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes:
 Only the soul hath power o'er itself.
 With that again there murmured 'Never more!'—
 And Rhæcus after heard no other sound,
 Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves
 Like the long surf upon a distant shore,
 Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
 The night had gathered round him: o'er the plain
 The city sparkled with its thousand lights,
 And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
 Harshly and like a curse; above, the sky,
 With all its bright sublimity of stars,
 Deepened, and on his forehead smote the breeze:
 Beauty was all around him and delight,
 But from that eve he was alone on earth.

So in our youth we shape out noble ends,
 And worship beauty with such earnest faith
 As but the young, unwasted heart can know,
 And, haply wandering into some good deed,
 Win for our soul's a moment's sight of Truth.
 Then the sly worldruns up to us and smiles,
 And takes us by the hand and cries 'Well met
 Come play with me at dice; one lucky throw
 And all my power and glory shall be thine
 Stake but thy heart upon the other side!'—
 So we turn gayly in, and by degrees
 Lose all our nature's broad inheritance.
 The happiness content with homely things,
 The wise simplicity of honest faith,
 The unsuspecting gentleness of heart,
 The open-handed grace of Charity,
 The love of Beauty, and the deathless hope
 To be her chosen almoner on earth,
 And we rise up at last with wrinkled brows,
 Most deeply-learned in the hollow game,
 At which we now have nothing left to stake,
 Albeit too wise to stake it, if we had.

But Truth will never let the art alone
 That once hath sought her, sending o'er and o'er
 Her sweet and unrepentful messengers
 To lure us back again and give us all,
 Which we, all fresh and burning in the game,
 Wherein we lose and lose with seeming gain,
 Brush off impatiently with sharp rebuff,
 Feeling our better instincts now no more

But as reproaches lacking other aim
 Than to abridge our little snatch of bliss.
 And, when we rouse at length, and feel within
 The stirring of our ancient love again,
 Our eyes are blinded that we cannot see
 The fair benignity of unveiled Truth
 That plighted us its holy troth erewhile.
 Our sun is setting: we are just too late:
 And so, instead of lightening by our lives
 The general burden of our drooping kind,
 Instead of being named in aftertime
 Wit's grateful reverence, as men who talked
 With spirits and the dreaded secret wrong
 From out the loath lips of the sphinx of life,
 Instead of being, as all true men may,
 Part of the memory of all great deeds,
 The inspiration of all time to come,
 We linger to our graves with empty hearts,
 And add our little haddful to the soil,
 As valueless and frail as fallen leaves."

Very finely in *An Ode* he has depicted the character of the poet as he was, and contrasted it with that of the poet as he is. How much easier it is to know what ought to be done than to do! We can find space only for the picture of

THE POET OF THE OLDEN TIME.

" In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder,
 The Poet's song with blood-warm truth was rife;
 He saw the mysteries which circle under
 The outward shell and skin of daily life.
 Nothing to him were fleeting time and fashion,
 His soul was led by the eternal law;
 There was in him no hope of fame, no passion,
 But, with calm, godlike eyes, he only saw.
 He did not sigh o'er heroes dead and buried,
 Chief mourner at the Golden Age's hearse,
 Nor deem that souls whom Charon grim had ferried
 Alone were fitting themes of epic verse:
 He could believe the promise of to-morrow,
 And feel the wondrous meaning of to-day;
 He had a deeper faith in holy sorrow
 Than the world's seeming loss could take away.
 To know the heart of all things was his duty,
 All things did sing to him and make him wise,
 And, with a sorrowful and conquering beauty,
 The soul of all looked grandly from his eyes,
 He gazed on all within him and without him,
 He watched the flowing of Time's steady tide,
 And shapes of glory floated all about him,
 And whispered to him, and he prophesied.
 Than all men he more fearless was and freer,
 And all his brethren cried with one accord,
 'Behold the holy man! Behold the Sæf!
 Him who hath spoken with the unseen Lord!
 He to his heart with large embrace had taken
 The universal sorrow of mankind,
 And, from that root, a shelter never shaken,
 The tree of wisdom grew with sturdy rind.
 He could interpret well the wondrous voices
 Which to the calm and silent spirit come;
 He knew that the One Soul no more rejoices
 In the star's anthem than the insect's hum.
 He in his heart was ever meek and humble,
 And yet with kingly pomp his numbers ran,
 As he foresaw how all things false should crumble
 Before the free, uplifted soul of man:
 And, when he was made full to overflowing
 With all the loveliness of heaven and earth,
 Out rushed his song, like molten iron glowing,
 To shew God sitting by the humblest hearth.
 With calmest courage he was ever ready
 To teach that was the truth of thought,
 And, with strong arm and purpose firm and steady,
 The anchor of the drifting world he wrought.
 So did he make the meanest man paraker
 Of all his brother-gods unto him gave;
 All souls did reverence him and name him Maker,
 And when he died heaped temples on his grave.
 And still his deathless words of light are swimming
 Serene throughout the great, deep infinite
 Of human soul, unwaning and undimmed,
 To cheer and guide the mariner at night."

A collection of sonnets closes the volume, but they are rather clumsily constructed, and want the combination of terseness of thought with elegance of expression essential to that form of poetry.

We conclude with a song, the sentiment of which is startling, but true.

THE FATHERLAND.

" Where is the true man's fatherland?
 Is it by chance where he is born?
 Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
 In such scent borders to be spanned?
 O, yes! his fatherland must be
 As the true blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
 Where God is God and man is man?
 Doth he not claim a broadened span
 For the soul's love of home than this?
 O, yes! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heaven is wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
 Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
 Where'er a human spirit strives
 After a life more true and fair,
 There is the true man's birth-place grand,
 His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
 Where'er one man may help another,
 Thank God for such a birthright, brother,
 That spot of earth is thine and mine!
 There is the true man's birth-place grand,
 His is a wide-world fatherland!"

We now close this volume, congratulating America upon the promises it manifestly displays of the advent of a poet whose name and fame will be her own. It is some consolation to see that as poetry fades here it is rising into vigorous maturity there, and we are pleased to have an opportunity of making it known to those of our own community who honour the CRITIC with their perusal.

EDUCATION.

A Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology. By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., &c. AGRICULTURAL education has at length fairly commenced, and this catechism is intended to aid it. Mr. JOHNSTON has here set forth the substance of his lectures in a form adapted for agricultural schools, not one of which should be without it. But it may be advantageously read by the adult farmer, who will gather from it a great deal of information of practical utility in his daily labours; for it describes the various soils, their powers, how they may be best improved; and the experiments by which they are to be tested are so simple, that the most unlearned may readily resort to them.

Theogony; a Genealogical Mythology of Ancient Greece and Rome, for use of Classical Schools and readers of the Classics in general. 1844. This is a very useful work of reference. The mythology of the ancients is displayed in a tabular form, so that the student may trace at a glance the genealogy and history of each of the gods and demigods of Greece and Rome. This is effected by five columns, which set forth successively the father, mother, sons, daughters, and functions or characteristics of the personages, who are placed in chronological order. An index affords a ready reference to any required name. In the school-room and on the library-table this ingenious work will be found to be of great value.

FICTION.

The Old Dower-House. A Novel. 3 Vols. London, 1843. T. C. Newby.

THE story before us is composed of highly interesting materials, treated in a manner that enhances the reputation of the fair authoress, and, although not free from some very obvious improbabilities, leads us to look for future productions of the same pen with interest and confidence.

The prevailing moral of the tale seems to be the punishment of pride, and certainly the progress of the story leaves the reader under no very great prejudice in favour of that weakness; for not only are those afflicted with it made to suffer, but their sins are visited on all who have any thing whatever to do with them, unless those persons happen to be previously subject to any little pet vice of their own; on the whole, however, pride carries it hollow.

Lady Hester Sibley is the proud one, and on her fortunes the whole tale turns. She has three daughters, young and passing fair, each amiable in her own way, but each in a different way from the other, whose characters—mild, gentle, and happily—nicely and delicately drawn withal—form a most refreshing contrast to that of the irritable, imperious, and repulsive lady of Abbeylans. The first exciting event in the book is the burning of a portion of the mansion offices, through the carelessness of Guy Sibley, her ladyship's younger son—a clergyman, in possession of a rich benefice—and a thorough scapegrace, whose peculiar weakness is an overweening love for "dumb animals," and whose sole delight is the careful arrangement of his stables, and the extreme neatness of his kennel.

Leaving the smooth, unruffled harbour of the earlier chapters, we emerge very soon into the troubled sea of love and lovers, and become involved in an intricate tangle of opposing interests, of which, however, the threads are carefully and firmly kept in hand, to be unwoven as the tale proceeds. The Lorimers, of the priory in the immediate vicinity of the Dower House (a Catholic family), harbour under their roof a dear friend, Clement Raynier by name, and a most fascinating youth by nature—who, in the course of an acquaintance, almost unavoidable, though strenuously opposed by Lady Hester, falls desperately in love with Mabel Sibley, who

ferently returns his affections; but, owing to difference of religion and rank, their history is full of troubles, not the less poignant for being some time carefully secreted.

Meanwhile, the eldest daughter, Hester, is given in wedlock to the Lord Randall, of Buckleigh, and her proud mother's many griefs begin when poor Hester is laid to sleep in the family vaults of Buckleigh, with her infant on her breast.

It is now time to mention the hero—if among so many lovers one may be selected—and describe Harry Fortescue to the reader as far as we can understand him. In the first place, he is the son of the young Sibley's guardian, and, therefore, well acquainted with the family. Then, he is an intimate visitor at Castle Evelyn, in the neighbourhood, and rides over frequently with Lady Anne Evelyn to visit her early playmates, the twin sisters Sibley, and so, in due course of time, he wins the heart of gentle Ann Sibley, though he has no idea of giving his own by way of exchange; indeed, we doubt his having any at all; to make up for which deficiency he has an inordinate quantity of vanity, and a rebellious temper; at all events—the Irishman in the song—he finds he has "plenty of love in his breast."

"And it never grows less, for whenever he tries
To get one in his heart, he gets two in his eyes."

But after being a very long time doubtful which of the Annes to choose, he engages himself to Anne Sibley and then marries Lady Anne Evelyn, into which alliance he is led while occupying a diplomatic post under her father; in what manner the following extract will best shew. Having accepted his post suddenly, and while under the influence of one caprice, a combination of circumstances prevents his taking leave of Anne Sibley. While abroad, another whim, excited by the view of a sketch of Abbeylans, induces him to determine on soliciting the Earl's leave of absence, and returning to his bride; but he unfortunately stumbles on Lady Anne, and the scene here quoted, which will serve as a fair specimen of the author's general style, will also render needless the task of describing her very singular mode of extricating her fickle hero from a very awkward "fix."

"You will be happier," he said, in a lowered tremulous voice—"happier, Anne, when I am gone."
"Go on!" at last murmured Lady Anne, hiding her face suddenly and passionately on her arm, "Go on. I deserve it! I deserve it all, and worse, if possible than this—go on!"

"Nay—I have done," replied Fortescue, with a mildness more bitter and humiliating than all his violence; "I have said all—but before I leave you, do me one justice—I had anxiously hoped, Lady Anne, that I should have been spared this trial—spared this last farewell; yet in justice tell me if I have not spoken the simple truth in all that I have tried to make intelligible?"

"No!" exclaimed Lady Anne, with spirited vehemence, as she raised for an instant her face, and endeavouring to command her quivering lips, "No, Master Henry Fortescue, as far as regards myself, it is false!—all false from beginning to end!"

"False, say you?" asked Fortescue, as though doubting the evidence of his senses, "false, Lady Anne?—what, your change of conduct?"

"It has been yours alone," articulated the smothered voice.

"False, then, your courteous coldness?"

"Even so," was the scarce audible reply; "the change, Harry, has been yours throughout—the cold, distant, cutting estrangement, all yours!—but beyond this I say naught, except—farewell!"

And she slowly drew off her glove, and extended to him her jewelled hand and arm. Fortescue gazed earnestly at her—how little had he expected such proud forbearance!—how acutely at that moment did his conscience smite him as he looked back upon his past career!

"Dazzling and fearless indeed, did the Lady Anne Evelyn look at that moment, and Fortescue was not one to be insensible to her attractions, heightened as they then were, by every 'foreign aid.'"

"Can it be," thought he to himself, "that this triumph, this conquest—is in my very grasp, and I am about to suffer it to escape me?"

Hardly had the thought sped through his mind, than he was at her feet, and the resistless hand clasped wildly to his lips.

"Rise, rise," said Lady Anne, instantly starting from her chair, "rise, Master Fortescue, for this is far too tragic a farewell!"

"Your forgiveness, Lady Anne! I am breathing no farewell—it is forgiveness I implore!" was Fortescue's reply; and when the Lady Anne spoke in answer, the voice did not sound like her own.

"You have it—provided you will be pleased to rise, and look round."

"And as he did so, in obedience to her commands, he saw behind him, standing mute and motionless at his shoulder—the earl."

Whereon Master Fortescue is ordered to leave the room; then the daughter, alluding only to Fortescue's intention of demanding leave, requests the father to grant whatever he may demand, and the following scene ends Harry Fortescue's batchelor-flirtations.

"You will listen to him—you will hear him—and to whatever he petitions, dearest father, you will say—yes!"

"No!" exclaimed the earl firmly and haughtily; the audience solicited can have but one purport—he can have but one request to make—and I had rather grant it before-hand to my daughter, as a tribute to her wishes, than let him owe the sacrifice to any eloquence of his own."

And with these words, before Lady Anne could make a single effort to control the action, her father had drawn her arm through his, and flinging open the door through which Fortescue had passed, led her with slow and stately steps, and an expression of sadness on his aged face, across the room.

He who awaited them was standing by the fireplace, his arms folded on the mantle-shelf, and his face buried in them; but at the sound of their approaching footsteps, he turned on them a countenance so ghastly and so agitated, that even Lady Anne shrank back.

Misinterpreting the movement, Earl Evelyn took her passive hand, and without a word of comment, placed it within that of Henry Fortescue.

"And so his die was cast!"

But we have wandered from the Dower House. Clement Raynier makes his declaration, and gets an indignant and fierce dismissal from Lady Hester for his pains; he goes abroad, and returns some months after, on a sudden summons, just in time to hear the church bell tolling for his Mabel; grief, working on a weak constitution and irritable mind, having produced despondency, which terminates in the usual consummation, broken blood-vessel and death. The whole of this portion of the tale is highly wrought and powerfully written.

Lady Hester's mind gives way to the shock of these many sorrows, and the once proud and resolute mistress of Abbeylans breaks down into an imbecile—mercifully deprived of her memory of the past.

The Lady Hester grew rapidly worse—her senses were clear and collected as ever, on subjects immediately under discussion, but memory had nearly entirely failed her—she was almost a cripple from weakness, and she wasted away in her body, till there seemed hardly any thing left of her. Once a day, Anne led her with difficulty to the terrace, where she would sit on the low battlements, till taken in again, and all this passed without a word.

"God has been merciful to thee, my poor mother," thought Ann, when often and often Lady Hester's dim eyes would brighten, as she gazed on the glorious view beneath the Dower House.

"God has been merciful to thee, in taking from thee the memory of the past!"

She could enjoy the beauty and luxuriance of the woods, fields, and flowers, but every leaf and every blade of grass brought back to the memory of poor Ann happier days; even the perfume of the flowers, the song of the birds, all—all—that she saw, or heard, was agony to her heart; every object, every sensation, was so intimately connected, with the twin sister she had lost.

Slight withal may be the things which bring,
Back on the heart the weight it would fling
Aside for ever. It may be a sound,
A tone of music, summer's eve or spring,
A flower, the wind, the ocean which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain, by which we're darkly bound."

The heir of the Dower House is Sir Hugh Sibley, Lady Hester's eldest son, who, after long serving in the wars abroad, returns home to take his part in the family sorrows. Being made a dupe by the coquette Lady Anne Evelyn, to serve her honest purpose of making Fortescue jealous, he is deluded into offering her his hand, and gets a very decided negative; whereon he again joins his regiment abroad, and again returns to find out the secret of Anne Sibley's love and Fortescue's villainy;—meets, challenges, and fights him, and receives the satisfaction of losing his arm. The successful duellist marries, and is visited with a punishment for his treachery, which is brought about in a manner that, even for a fiction, is rather too strained and improbable. Lady Anne, whose illness brings to her bedside her early friend Anne Sibley, swallows an embrocation instead of a draught, both inadvertently placed within her reach by the betrayed of her husband, and so indirectly dies by

her hand. Anne Sibley marries Dennis Lorimer, who becomes a Protestant clergyman, and succeeds to Guy Sibley's living; Guy himself, after ruining himself, settles at Avignon, and marries a French girl, and it is here that the closing event of the story occurs—in the death of Lady Hester Sibley.

It will be seen that these are materials for a very interesting tale, and it carries the reader untiring to the end, but there is one characteristic we would fain notice *en passant*. In the whole book there is not one prominent character that retains your sympathy to the end; there is ever some moral laxity or mental weakness that precludes the possibility of our esteeming them:—Lady Hester is proud and cold-hearted; Mabel wilful and weak-minded; Lady Anne a most outrageous coquette, and Harry Fortescue unprincipled, weak, vacillating, and deceitful. We find nothing in these characters to admire, and close the third volume with the approving opinion of the book generally that we have before expressed.

Some of Mrs. Grey's scenes are drawn with a degree of elegance and truth that nearly approaches Mrs. Gore, and we hope to see her again in the field, continuing her march of improvement. Meanwhile we can safely recommend the perusal of the *Old Dover House*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A New Spirit of the Age. Edited by R. H. HORNE, author of "Orion," "Gregory VII." &c. &c. In 2 vols. London, 1844. Smith and Elder.

HAZLITT indited a book which he called *The Spirit of the Age*. It was a delightful and instructive book, composed of a series of critical sketches of the greater minds of his day; minds which, by their own native nobility, rule and govern the lesser minds among whom their lot is cast, mould opinion, and thus exercise, in fact, the sovereignty which throned monarchs are merely fictioned to enjoy.

In imitation, or as, perhaps, the author would say, in continuation of this work of HAZLITT, which all who have not read should make a point of reading, comes Mr. R. H. HORNE, embodying in two volumes his pencillings of the mightier minds of his own times,—pen-and-ink portraits, which we suspect have already done duty in the pages of some periodical, but which he has here gathered together, and grouped after the strangest fashion, whether by accident or by design it is difficult to conjecture; and if the latter, it is impossible to guess the associations of which, in Mr. HORNE'S mind, the links are forged. Thus, SYDNEY SMITH, ALBANY FONBLANQUE, and DOUGLAS JERROLD are associated, as if there was any similarity between the genius of the three men. WORDSWORTH and LEIGH HUNT are thrown together, though there is an essential difference in the framework of their minds; and HARTLEY COLERIDGE is classed with MONCKTON MILNES, without any other reason that we can discover than that both are poets.

We must protest, also, against the introduction of some of the names into a list designated as *The Spirit of the Age*. By this title we presume it was intended to describe those who are exercising a specific influence upon the minds of their contemporaries, moulding opinion, and guiding the actions, through their mastery of the thoughts, of men. Viewed thus, we cannot recognize the claims of JERROLD, MILNES, the author of *Festus*, and some others whom Mr. HORNE has been pleased to place in his catalogue.

Turning to the manner in which he has performed his task, we cannot conscientiously award to him equal merit with his predecessor. He wants alike the solid substratum of philosophy and the brilliant powers of expression enjoyed by HAZLITT; the consequence of the direct comparison which he has challenged by the choice of the same title is, therefore, to place him under some disadvantages, to which he would not have been subject had he assumed another and independent name

for his book. Let us endeavour to try him upon his own merits, and so be more charitable to him than he has been to himself.

Thus viewed, Mr. HORNE'S *Spirit of the Age* recommends itself to the reader as a book that may worthily engage his attention, and from which he may glean a good deal of original thought, much amusing anecdote, and some pleasant gossip, about persons whose names are in men's mouths. Many will be inclined to question whether the personages he has selected for his pen-and-ink portraits be entitled to a place among the Spirits of the Age; but granting them to be as great as Mr. HORNE would have them, they are certainly treated with a hand that has power in it; their talents are criticized with taste and sound judgment, and perhaps the interest of the work is sustained, and the greater characters are by these foils set off, the juxtaposition serving to enable us to measure the giant proportions of those whose might we could not have estimated justly without such means for contrast.

The first remark that will occur to the reader of these volumes is the singular inequality exhibited in the various sketches, some being vigorous and graphic, others weak and indistinct; an acute and powerful criticism is not unfrequently succeeded by one composed after the penny-a-liner fashion, in which the least possible quantity of thought is clothed in the greatest possible number of words. Here and there, too, we discern the influence of prejudices and partialities peeping out amid manifest efforts to play the part of the strictest justice, the man evidently mastering the judge, as might be expected with one of Mr. HORNE'S fiery temperaments. But, spite of these defects, the book is a very respectable book, well calculated to please those who desire to know something about the most eminent literary personages whose thoughts have become the common property of their generation; and, thus read, with no loftier expectations, it will repay perusal.

It is with some hesitation that we approach it for the purpose of more specific notice or for extract. Its subjects are so various, that if we were to comment upon the execution of each one, two or three CRITICS would not contain all that we should be inclined to write. But this being impossible, perhaps the better course will be to select, without plan, such passages as may strike us as calculated to amuse our readers, and throw in such remarks as may suggest themselves as we go along.

It was a daring design for an author thus to sit in judgment upon his contemporaries; to spy out their faults as well as to proclaim their merits; but, having ventured upon the task, he must not be surprised if himself be subjected to the acutest criticism. Perfect impartiality in such an undertaking was impossible; personal friendships and dislikes cannot but sway the pen, and unconsciously, perhaps, but certainly, the colouring of the picture will take its tone rather from the feelings than the judgment. If it had not so been, Mr. HORNE must be wanting in the common sympathies of humanity; and if they have deprived the *Spirit of the Age* of much of the value which might attach to such a work thoroughly well executed, the fault lies not with Mr. HORNE, but in the choice of an impracticable subject.

One of the best of the sketches is that of THEODORE HOOK, whose biography has been, by the *Quarterly Review*, given to the world as a warning against the misuse of talent, and as proof how little the brightest abilities are to be coveted, if unaccompanied with sound moral feeling and the power of self-command. Mr. HORNE deduces another lesson from the singular career of this brilliant genius.

THEODORE HOOK.

"Theodore Hook possessed both wit and humour, and told a story well. He had great graphic powers in the ridiculous, and a surprising readiness of invention or novel application. But his wit was generally

malicious, and his humour satirical. If he made a sharp hit at an individual peculiarity, the point generally went through into human nature. You could not help laughing, but were generally ashamed of yourself for having laughed. The objects of his satire were seldom the vices or follies of mankind, but generally their misfortunes, or manners, or unavoidable disadvantages, whether of a physical or intellectual kind. A poor man with his mutton bone was a rich meal for his comic muse; and he was convulsed at the absurdity of high principles in rags or at all needy. He never made fun of a lord. He would as soon have taken the King of Terrors pickaback as made fun of a lord. He was at the head of that unfortunately large class, who think that a brilliant sally of wit or fancy, at any cost of truth or feeling, is not only the best thing in society, but the best proof of sterling genius, and that one of the finest tests of a dashing fellow of spirit is to steal clothes, i. e. not pay a tailor's bill—nor any other bill that can be helped, it might be added. Mr. Hook was a wit about town, and a philosopher while recovering from 'the effects of last night.' His writings tended to give an unfavourable view of human nature—to make one suspicious and scornful. On the whole, though you had been amused and interested as you went on, you were left uncomfortable, and wished you could forget what you had read.

"Mr. Hook had no sympathies with humanity for its own sake, but only as developed and modified by aristocratic circumstances and fashionable tastes. He was devoted to splendid externals. He may be said to have had no inner life—except that the lofty image of a powdered footman, with golden aiguillettes and large white calves, walked with a great air up and down the silent avenues of his soul. But the life of animal spirits Hook possessed in an eminent degree. They appeared inexhaustible; and being applied as a sort of 'steam,' or laughing gas, to set in motion his invention and all its fancies, and his surprising faculty of extemporaneous song-making, it is no wonder that his company was so much in request, and that he was regarded as such a delightful time-killer and incentive to wine by the 'high bloods of the upper circles.' He made them laugh at good things and forget themselves."

Mr. HORNE is sometimes more biographical than critical or pictorial, and his lives are curt enough for a biographical dictionary. But they serve the purpose of amusement; they are a sort of chit-chat, admirably suited to please the palate of the public, and will bring money if not fame. Our readers will not object to preserve this brief memoir of the most classical and refined dramatist, and purest orator of our day.

MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD.

"Thomas Noon Talfourd is a native of Reading. His mother was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Noon, who was for thirty years the minister of the Independent congregation there. Accordingly he was instructed in their strict tenets, and his early education was obtained in their school at Mill-Hill; but being removed to the public grammar-school under Dr. Valpy, he there acquired a love of Shakespeare and the drama—forbidden ground to his native sect—and soon adopted the less rigid doctrines of the Church of England. At the same time he acquired those ardent political feelings, which, tempered by time, he has always since maintained. His poetical talent was developed equally early. In the year 1811, while still at school, he published a volume entitled 'Poems on various Subjects.' The subjects are interesting, as evincing the character of his thoughts at this early period. One of them, entitled 'On the Education of the Poor,' and another, 'The Union and Brotherhood of Mankind,' obtained for him the acquaintance of Joseph Fox, distinguished for his zeal in the cause of education, and this new friend introduced him by letter to Lord (then Mr. Henry) Brougham. He was received by that distinguished individual with the utmost kindness, and encouraged to work his way to the bar through literature. Following this judicious advice, he engaged himself in 1813 to Mr. Chitty, for a period of four years. The literary career of the young lawyer began with an essay published in the *Pamphleteer*, early in 1813, entitled 'An Appeal to the Protestant Dissenters of Great Britain on behalf of the Catholics.' This essay was eloquently written, and breathed a spirit of liberality, such as is rightly denominated 'Christian.' Talfourd was then under eighteen. 'A Critical Examination of some objections taken by Cobbett to the Unitarian Relief Bill,' was a very successful attempt to grapple with a writer of such singular power. 'Observations on the Punishment of the Pillory,' and 'An Appeal against the Act for regulating Royal Marriages,' took the side of humanity against barbarous custom and mistaken notions of national policy. An 'Attempt to Estimate the Poetical Talent of the Present Age,' written in 1815, is chiefly remarkable as testifying his high appreciation of the poetry of Wordsworth (at a period when

such a testimony was sufficient to insure almost universal ridicule), and scarcely less so for the courage with which it denounced the gloomy exaggerations of Lord Byron, who was then in the full blaze of his popularity. Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age* was not published till ten years afterwards. Mr. Talfourd was probably the very first who publicly declared, on critical grounds, that William Wordsworth was a true poet. * * In 1817, Talfourd started as a Special Pleader. During his period of study he had assisted Mr. Chitty in his voluminous work on the Criminal Laws. The chief quarters in which he carried on his literary labours were now in the *Retrospective Review*, and the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. The articles on 'Homer,' on 'Greek Tragedians,' and 'Greek Lyric Poets,' in the latter, were written by him. He began his connection with the *New Monthly* in 1820, and continued to furnish the dramatic criticisms, besides other papers, in that magazine for twelve years. He subsequently wrote in the *Edinburgh Review* and *London Magazine*, and published in 1826 a Memoir of Mrs. Radcliffe, prefixed to her posthumous work of *Gaston de Blondeville*. About the same time he brought out an edition of *Dickenson's Guide to the Quarter Sessions*, a labour for which the puzzled brains of country squires best know how to feel grateful to him. Mr. Talfourd was called to the bar by the Society of the Middle Temple in 1821, and joined the Oxford Circuit and Berkshire Sessions. In 1822 he married Rachel, daughter of John Powell Rutt, esq. a name well known to political reformers. The gradual extension of his professional engagements through the circuit induced him to retire from the sessions at the expiration of twelve years, when he was called to the degree of Serjeant—the very same year in which he wrote his tragedy of *Jon*. He now confines his practice almost exclusively to the circuit of the Common Pleas. Any exception has been on occasions when his sympathies excited him to exertion. He undertook the defence of the *True Sun* newspaper in the King's Bench, and electrified the Court by his eloquence on that occasion. His defence of *Tait's Magazine* against Richmond, in the Exchequer, was equally brilliant and sound of argument. In 1834, the electors of Reading returned their distinguished townsman to Parliament by a large majority, composed of all parties. He was returned again in the General Election of 1839, but declined standing in that of 1841. His parliamentary career has been distinguished by the same high talent, consistency of principle, and moral purpose, which have pervaded his life. His most celebrated speeches are those on moving for the Law of Copyright, and on bringing forward his 'Custody of Infants Bill.' * *

Our author is a worshipper of LANDOR, and has collected some traits of character which will be acceptable to his admirers. Here is a creditable

ANECDOTE OF W. S. LANDOR.

"Mr. Landor went to Paris in the beginning of the century, where he witnessed the ceremony of Napoleon being made consul for life, amidst the acclamations of multitudes. He subsequently saw the dethroned and deserted emperor pass through Tours, on his way to embark, as he intended, for America. Napoleon was attended only by a single servant, and descended at the Prefecture, unrecognized by anybody excepting Landor. The people of Tours were most hostile to Napoleon: Landor had always felt a hatred towards him; and now he had but to point one finger at him, and it would have done what all the artillery of twenty years of war had failed to—the people would have torn him to pieces. Need it be said, Landor was too 'good a hater,' and too noble a man, to avail himself of such an opportunity. He held his breath, and let the hero pass. Perhaps, after all, there was no need of any of this hatred on the part of Mr. Landor, who, in common with many other excessively wilful men, were probably as much exasperated at Napoleon's commanding successes, as at his falling off from pure republican principles. Howbeit, Landor's great hatred and yet 'greater' forbearance are hereby chronicled."

There is much nice appreciation of character in the sketches of MACREADY and KNOWLES, who are contrasted with considerable effect. A very favourable specimen of Mr. HORNE's composition is this.

THE ACTOR AND THE DRAMATIST.

"Mr. Macready's character (we deal only with such elements of it as are directly or indirectly of public influence) is made up of stronger opposites than is usual, however common those antagonisms are in forcible characters. He has great energies of action, and a morbid will. He has a limited imagination, with a large ambition. His imagination is slow and dull of vision, but quick and sensitive to feel. It, therefore, continually misleads him beyond retreat. For this reason, his hasty judgments are always wrong, and his slow judgments futile from exhausted impulses. * * Mr. Macready takes no advice but that which backs his own opinion. His constant errors in judgment shew that they proceed from the same man. His

spirit is a hot-headed steed, capable of leaping great conclusions; but he wants faith in those things, and in himself, which would enable him to succeed greatly; and when he does leap, he makes up for a long arrear of doubts by wilfulness, and 'falls on the other side.' He has genial feelings, but a morbid fancy which troubles them. It pains him to laugh. His temperament is impetuous, his hopes dreary, his purposes high-minded, his opinions conflicting, and 'his luck against him,' with his own assistance. He boldly incurred the odium of allowing anti-corn-law meetings in Covent Garden, besides giving an arm-sweeping slash at recent taxations in a farewell address; and he made a speech to the poor Duke of Cambridge, on receiving a 'testimonial' at which all his best friends blushed, and he himself, before the farce was concluded, which had cost so much pains to get up, wished a large trap-door would unbolt itself beneath his feet. As a patron of modern dramatic literature, he has been totally mistaken by others, and the less he ever attempts of this kind in future, the better for all parties. As a supporter of the Shakspearean drama, and all the fine old 'stock pieces,' he has not been encouraged according to his deserts; and, with all his faults, the want of sufficient patronage in his own country is discreditable to the age. Few men ever had the sympathies of the public more completely in their power than Sheridan Knowles. Scarcely any imprudence or deficiency that he could be guilty of, in a new play, would cause the audience to damn it, though they might not go again to see it. With Macready the case is different. He always has enemies in the 'house,' and a large party, or parties, against him out of the 'house.' Some for one thing, some for another, abstract or personal, private or public. Strong and unflinching friends he also has, and they form a party, though comparatively a small one, and rapidly decreasing. Like all very anxious men, Mr. Macready, besides his bad judgment, is unlucky; and Mr. Knowles, like all careless men, is usually in good luck, notwithstanding his equal deficiency in judgment. The one 'darkens avenue' at all critical strictures, the other calls every critic he meets 'my dear boy.' * * * Both have now been before the public these twenty-five or thirty years, and have well earned the estimation they have obtained. Mr. Knowles commenced his career as an actor, but has some time since abandoned it. He is still in vigorous life, and full of excellent spirits—poetical, convivial, and Hibernian. In private he is a prodigious favourite with all who know him; frank, burly, smiling, off-hand, voluble, and saying whatever comes uppermost; with a large heart beating under a great, broad, and deep chest, not easily accessible to care or trouble, but constitutionally jovial and happy. Mr. Macready, in private, is good-natured, easy, unaffected, without the least attempt at display, extremely gentlemanlike, habitually grave, and constitutionally saturnine. His smile is melancholy, and his expression is occasionally of great kindness. He speaks little, with frequent hesitation, but well; with good sense, and enlarged and benevolent sympathies, moral and political. His views of art are confused between the real and ideal. Mr. Knowles occasionally delivers lectures on the Drama, which are conspicuous for no philosophy or art, and an abundance of good humour, and the warmest admiration of his favourite authors."

It has ever been a mystery to the public how Mr. James contrives to produce so many volumes in so short a time. Granting illimitable fecundity to the mind, there was the seeming physical obstacle of a weary hand. The secret is revealed by Mr. HORNE:—

MR. JAMES'S WRITINGS.

"If all these works were gathered together, and a scrivener employed to copy them, it would probably occupy him a longer period of fair average daily labour in the simple task of transcription than the author expended upon their composition. To those who know how much more rapidly the invention works than the hands—how immeasurably the brain outstrips the mechanical process of the pen—this assertion will neither be new nor surprising. Yet still there remains behind this problem, how Mr. James, although he might compose faster than another person could copy, contrived both to compose and write so much within so short a period? But the problem is set at rest by the fact that Mr. James did not write any of his works. Like Cobbett, he employs an amanuensis; and all this long and brilliant array of historical narratives, with which the public have been so pleasantly entertained for such a series of years, have been dictated by the author while he was walking up and down his study, one after another, or sometimes, possibly, two or three at a time!"

We confess we cannot quite understand how an amanuensis should be able to write faster than the author himself—we doubt the story of his dictating to two or three at the same time. A notice of Dr. SOUTHWOOD SMITH introduces us to the following curious anecdote:—

BENTHAM EMBALMED.

"Dr. Southwood Smith was the friend and physician of Bentham. The venerable and unaffected philanthropist, fully appreciating the importance of anatomical science, and lamenting the prejudice against dissection, gave his own body to Dr. Smith, charging him to devote it to the ordinary purposes of science. His friend fulfilled his desire, and delivered the first lecture over the body—with a clear and unfaltering voice, but with a face as white as that of the dead philosopher before him. Alive, so cheerful and serene—serene for ever now, and nothing more. The lecture was delivered on the 9th of June, 1832, in the Webb-street School of Anatomy. Dr. Smith availed himself of the occasion to give a view of the fundamental principles of Bentham's philosophy, and an account of his last moments. Most of the particular friends and disciples of the deceased were present on the occasion, and his biographer has made this lecture the concluding part of the memoir which has been prefixed to the uniform edition of Bentham's works, just published. The head and face were preserved by a peculiar process, but the latter, being found painful in expression, is covered with a wax mask, admirably executed and a correct likeness. The skeleton also was preserved; and the whole clothed in the ordinary dress worn by the philosopher (according to his own express desire), presenting him as nearly as possible as he was while living. Seated, smiling, in a large mahogany case with a glass front, the homely figure, with its long snow-white hair, broad-brimmed hat, and thick ash-plant walking-stick, resides with Dr. Southwood Smith, and may be seen by any one who takes an interest in the writings and character of Jeremy Bentham."

There is so much truth in the following, which introduces the notice of DICKENS, that we extract it, though somewhat long; it will reward perusal. We may term it

CHARACTER AND CARICATURE.

"If an extensive experience and knowledge of the world be certain in most cases to render a man suspicious, full of doubts and incredulities, equally certain is it that with other men such experience and such knowledge exercise this influence at rare intervals only, or in a far less degree, while in some respects the influence even acts in a directly opposite way, and the extraordinary things they have seen or suffered cause them to be very credulous and of open-armed faith to embrace strange novelties. They are not startled at the sound of fresh wonders in the moral or physical world—they laugh at no feasible theory, and can see truth through the refractions of paradox and contradictory extremes. They know that there are more things in heaven and on the earth than in 'your philosophy.' They observe the fables and the visions of one age become the facts and practices of a succeeding age—perhaps even of a few years after their first announcement, and before the world has done laughing: they are slow to declare any character or action to be unnatural, having so often witnessed some of the extreme lights and shadows which flit upon the outskirts of nature's capacious circle, and have, perhaps, themselves been made to feel the bitter reality of various classes of anomaly previously unaccountable, if not incredible. They have discovered that in matters of practical conduct a greater blunder cannot in general be made than to 'judge of others by yourself,' or what you think, feel, and fancy of yourself. But having found out that the world is not 'all alike,' though like enough for the charities of real life, they identify themselves with other individualities, then search within for every actual and imaginary resemblance to the great majority of their fellow-creatures, which may give them a more intimate knowledge of aggregate nature, and thus enlarge the bounds of unexclusive sympathy."

"To men of this genial habit and maturity of mind, if also they have an observing eye for externals, there is usually a very tardy admission of the alleged madness of a picture of scenery, or the supposed grossness of a caricature of the human countenance. The traveller and the voyager, who has, moreover, an eye for art, has often seen enough to convince him that the genius of Turner and Martin has its foundation not only in elemental but in actual truth; nor could such an observer go into any large concourse of people (especially of the poorer classes, where the un-suppressed character has been suffered to rise completely to the surface) without seeing several faces, which, by the addition of the vices of social man, might cause many a dumb animal to feel indignant at the undoubtedly deteriorated resemblance. The curse of evil circumstances acting upon the 'third and fourth generation,' when added to the 'sins of the fathers,' can and does turn the last face of humanity into something worse than brutish. As with the face, so is it with the character of mankind; nothing can be too lofty, too noble, too lovely to be natural; nor can any thing be too vicious, too brutalized, too mean, or too ridiculous. It is observable, however, that there are many degrees and fine shades in these frequent degradations of man to the mere animal. Occasionally they are no degradation, but rather an

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advantage, as a falcon-eye or a lion-brow, will strikingly attest. But more generally the effect is either gravely humorous, or grotesquely comic; and in these cases the dumb original is not com-
plimented. For you may see a man with a bull's forehead and neck, and a mean grovelling countenance (while that of the bull is physically grand and high purposed), and the dog, the sheep, the bird, and the ape in all their varieties, are often seen with such admixtures as are really no advantage. Several times in an individual's life he may meet in the actual world with most of the best and worst kind of faces and characters of the world of fiction. It is true that there are not to be found a whole tribe of Quilps and Qansimodos (you would not wish it); but once in the life of the student of character he may have a glimpse of just such a creature; and that, methinks, were quite familiar proof enough both for nature and art. Those who have exclusively portrayed the pure ideal in grandeur or beauty, and those also who have exclusively, or chiefly, portrayed monstrosities and absurdities, have been recluses men, who drew with an inward eye, and copied from their imaginations; the men who have given us the largest amount of truth under the greatest variety of forms, have always been those who went abroad into the world in all its ways; and in the works of such men will always be found those touches of nature which can only be copied at first-hand, and the extremes of which originalities are never unnaturally exceeded. There are no caricatures in the portraits of Hogarth, nor are there any in those of Dickens. The most striking thing in both is their apparently inexhaustible variety and truth of character."

The description of DICKENS, though brief, is graphic, and shews him to be just such as his writings intimate—a genuine man, with a true human heart within him—to use the language of CARLYLE, a hater of *shams* and *formulas*—one who sets up for himself, and thinks and acts upon his own account.

BOZ IN PRIVATE LIFE.

"He talks much or little, according to his sympathies. His conversation is genial. He hates argument; in fact, he is unable to argue—a common case with impulsive characters, who see the whole truth, and feel it crowding and struggling at once for immediate utterance. He never talks for effect, but for the truth or for the fun of the thing. He tells a story admirably, and generally with humorous exaggerations. His sympathies are of the broadest, and his literary tastes appreciate all excellence. He is a great admirer of the poetry of Tennyson. Mr. Dickens has singular personal activity, and is fond of games of practical skill. He is also a great walker, and very much given to dancing Sir Roger de Coverley. In private, the general impression of him is that of a first-rate practical intellect, with 'no nonsense' about him. Seldom, if ever, has any man been more beloved by contemporary authors, and by the public of his time."

But we are trespassing beyond our limits, tempted by the desultory character of these volumes, which win upon us as we read. We have said sufficient about them, and extracted enough to enable our readers to form a fair judgment of their fitness to amuse an idle hour; and certainly they are peculiarly adapted for the book club and the circulating library. They are not all that we could have desired, but more than we had expected. They do not embody the *Spirit* of the Age, but they collect and put into pleasant readable form many things we all like to know about the *Spirits* of the Age.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

TRUTH.

(FOR THE CRITIC.)

What is thy image, Truth, that men admire
Black falsehood so, which is thy younger sister?
Of thee they weary, but they never tire
Of her:—unnumbered lips have daily kissed her,
As if she were a bride,
While thou stood'st mourning by her side.
Man loves thee not—the worse for him hereafter:
Return unto the bosom home of God
Laden with tales of him; if his false laughter
Hath mocked thee, thou art strong to use the rod.
Surely the world is taught
Elisha was not mocked for naught.

Stride o'er my threshold, Truth! sit by my fire,
And prate me stories of the past! How thou
Hast shouted "Victory!" on the martyr's pyre,
And cooled the scorching fever of his brow.
To thee my heart will cleave,
Even while I wonder and believe.

Of Galileo wilt thou word me stories?

Though thou shouldst weep, thou wilt be proud to tell

How this idolator of starry glories

Leant on thy breast when folly barred his cell.

Thy shortest tale of sorrow

Will conscience-strengthen me unto the morrow.

And of the future speak me. Thou hast lips

Heavily syllabled with praise of such;

Those that "go down unto the sea in ships,"

Shall go not wrathfully. Oh break the crutch

On which thy sister leans,

And there will be no plea for battle plains!

Stride o'er my threshold, Truth. Sit by my fire,

And we will chat like friends. Then I shall lift

My forehead to the heavens a little higher,

In faith that thou art the Almighty's gift.

Thou art His most anointed,

For whom the hosts of seraphs were appointed.

Thus will I talk, my brethren, for thy sake:—

Be not poor cowards when'er Truth shall ask

A sacrifice. Stand up erect, nor quake

When tyrants scowl. Shake off the liar's mask,

And brave the world like men,

For so to live is hope—to die is gain.

E. H. BURRINGTON.

WOMAN.

(FOR THE CRITIC.)

Like the moon is woman's heart,
Still with borrow'd lustre shining,
Like the ivy woman's art,

Where it fastens, undermining;

Like a rock you may defy

Truth to shake, or reason move her;

Like the rainbow in the sky,

Smiling when the storm is over.

Woman's love is like a rock,

Firm it stands though storms surround it;

Like the ivy on the oak,

E'en in ruin clinging round it.

Like the moon, dispelling night,

Shining through the clouds of sorrow;

Like the rainbow's pledge of light,

Harbinger of joy to-morrow.

Shrinking from the wintry blast,

Bird of passage, like the swallow,

When the sunny season's past,

Woman's love will quickly follow.

Like the swallow, while she's seen,

Pleasure's blossoms never wither,

Herald of a sky serene,

Woman brings the summer with her.

Like the reckless mountain-tide,

Its course with every object changing;

Like a bird it must be tied,

If you would prevent its ranging;

Like the stream upon the hill,

Unconfined it runs the purer;

Like a bird, a cage will kill,

But kindness win, and love secure her.

Like the roses of the brake,

Thorns in every blossom shrouded;

Like the bosom of the lake,

By each passing shadow clouded;

Like the roses of the brake,

Precious though their bloom be faded;

Like the calm and peaceful lake,

Only by reflection shaded.

Like a picture, where you find

Only nature's fair resemblance;

So, deceitful woman's mind

Mocks us with its mimic semblance.

Like a picture truly fine,

Half its beauty distance covers;

Touches of a hand divine

Every nearer view discovers.

Like the harp of Erin's sigh,

Woman wakes the mind to madness;

Wild and fitful in her joy,

Fatal in her dangerous sadness;

Like my country's minstrel lyre,

Inspiration hovers o'er her;

'Tis but impulse to admire,

And religion to adore her!

MUSIC.

Summary.

IF the advertisements be counted, it might be thought that music was never more flourishing than at this moment, for the town is literally flooded with it; concerts and lectures, and musical entertainments tempting the idle on every side. But while performers are increasing almost beyond the demand for them,

and prodigies spring up every day, we cannot find that the composition of music makes much progress. We hear nothing new having upon it the stamp of genius; we find nothing worth the trouble of mastering among the piles thrown upon our table. Many lady-readers have asked us what they may with safety order. We must reply, generally, that we know of nothing, or, at least, nothing deserving support has been submitted to the notice of THE CRITIC. Now that the enthusiasm in favour of an English *prima donna* has cooled a little, the weak world, which praised so extravagantly at first, is running, with equal unfairness, the other way, and denying her merits which unquestionably belong to her. The truth is, that she has a voice of larger compass than any living vocalist; she is an excellent actress and a handsome woman, with soul to give expression to her music. But she sings out of tune, and aims too much at effect. Her inimitable powers are her own, and cannot be taken from her; her defects are artificial, and may be removed by industry and perseverance. Substantial greatness is clearly within her grasp, but she has not yet seized it. Let her not mistake *promise* for *performance*. She has much to learn.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

AMONG the recent arrivals of foreign artists is that of M. Auguste Pott, chapel-master to the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, and regius professor of music in the University of Copenhagen. He is a pupil of Dr. Spohr, and brings letters from that eminent musician to members of the profession in England, highly commendatory of him. M. Pott was selected in 1841 to conduct the great festival at Salzburg, in honour of Mozart, which attracted together the leading musicians from all parts of the continent, and became one of the most perfect performances on record. The post of honour as conductor of the orchestra was offered in the first instance to Dr. Spohr, but the Elector of Cassel having refused his permission, it devolved on M. Pott, as next to him in musical rank. The professor is accompanied by his wife, who is an excellent performer on the pianoforte, and has produced several compositions of great merit. M. Pott visited England about six years ago, when he played at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. The boy Joachim, who has given solos on the violin in public lately, is a native of Pesth, in Hungary, and commenced his practice of that instrument at Vienna, under M. Boehm. He went afterwards to Leipsic, and took lessons of M. David, the brother of Madame Duleken. He also received instruction in counterpoint from M. Hauptmann, who is a most excellent theorist. Joachim is only 13 years of age, and plays not only with the execution but with the physical strength of a matured performer. Dr. Mendelssohn, in letters to his friends in this country, speaks of the talent of Joachim as of the most finished description. M. Ernst, who arrived some days ago, has not yet appeared in public in London. He is gone to fulfil an engagement at Manchester, where he will perform twice in the course of the present week.

THE CHAIR OF MUSIC.—EDINBURGH.—On Saturday, the 23rd of March, the Senatus Academicus reduced the list of candidates for the Professorship in the Edinburgh University to three—namely, Messrs. Donaldson, Bennet, and Mainzer, and agreed to meet on that day week for electing a professor. In the interval, however, another candidate sent in his claims, a young gentleman, we are told, possessing high qualifications for the chair, namely, Henry H. Pearson, esq., at present residing at Dresden, and son of the very Rev. the Dean of Salisbury. We understand, that in consequence of this application, the Senatus, on a motion made to that effect, and by a majority of one, agreed to postpone the election till the first day of June next, in order to give time for the electors to investigate the claims of the new candidate.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

ART.

Summary.

DURING the brief interval which has elapsed since our last Report, there has offered no feature calling for especial notice in British Art. Intelligence, however, has reached us of the death of the renowned Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, at Copenhagen, on the 25th ultimo. Some interesting remarks on his life and genius will be found in our columns. Stiglmayer, also, director of the Royal Foundry at Munich, celebrated for the production of the most mas-

terly castings in Germany, perhaps in the world, has paid the debt of nature at the premature age of fifty-two. His death was scenic. It occurred immediately after the completion of his colossal statue of Goethe,—on which he had bestowed many months of anxious labour—before the mould was broken, and whilst receiving the congratulations of his friends on the success of his work. We shall hope in our next Number to find room for a touching narrative of this event (written in a delightful and kindly spirit), which appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The Zanthian Expedition has returned to Malta with twenty cases of valuable marbles and casts, having been obliged to leave, through stress of weather, seven other cases, containing the Chimæra tombs and other relics of unwieldy bulk, on the beach, whence they would be removed by H. M. S. *Warspite*, when the season might permit. There is a rumour current among our artists, that the subscription to the Art Union of London amounts this year to *eighteen thousand guineas*,—an enormous sum, and one which imposes no small responsibility on the committee of management in its distribution, so as best to serve the true interests of Art, and to cultivate effectually the public taste. A summary notice of the Suffolk-street Gallery will be found subjoined.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

We regret our inability to congratulate the members of this Society, on their twenty-first exhibition, recently opened. To speak disparagingly of it we are loath; to do otherwise is impossible, without a sacrifice of principle on our part, and a misleading of those who honour these columns with perusal. Altogether, it is the flattest, feeblest, and least effective display of artistic talent we have seen for many a year. Compared with the great works of the ablest masters of the British school, the exhibition does not contain a picture that approaches nearer than a third or fourth rate merit. There is little indeed above mediocrity, but a vast deal that sinks far beneath it. Of the two chief exhibitors, the President, Mr. Hurlstone, and Vice-President, Mr. Allen, we can, however, justly say, that the first is less *drab*, and the other less *yellow*, than usual, which is to praise them.

In historical and imaginative subjects, the gallery this year, as usual, is sadly defective: it affords nothing above the common-place. We may, however, make favourable mention of Mr. Hurlstone's picture, No. 117, *The Sons of Jacob bringing the blood-stained garment of their brother Joseph to their Father*, which is one of the best of his works we have lately seen. We must, however, protest against such perpetrations as Mr. Woolmer has been guilty of in Nos. 167, *The Castle of Indolence*, and 318, *Scene from Byron's Manfred*, the former of which, though it displays some imagination, is totally wanting in characteristic form: as regards the landscape of accessories, the latter is tricky, spotty, and wanting in unity, while both are outrageous in colour; the shapeless trees look like cooled *scoria* from an iron-furnace, and exhibit every variety of prismatic colour. We lament to see this artist so slovenly. Perhaps the best of his pictures is No. 507, *Scene from Lalla Rookh*, in which there are displayed a faint gleam of sentiment and imagination.

Of portraits the exhibition has a large store; few tolerable, many indifferent, or absolutely bad. In those by Mr. Baxter, whose productions we do not remember to have seen before, we fancy we perceive promise of future excellence. He has one, No. 487, very sweet in colour. His sitters, however, have been unfavourable to him; they are chiefly good, fat, greasy citizens, who, proud of sitting for their likenesses, have put on their best face; the result is, that they look out from the canvas, smug, smart, and smiling, seeming wonderfully content with themselves and all around them. A Mr. Hall, too, has a respectable portrait of a lady, No. 97. Mr. Hervieu exhibits a full-length of Mr. J. Silk Buckingham, which, of all the libels which that gentleman has been exposed to, in a long, eventful, and useful life, is (we do not hesitate to say) the most atrocious. It is equally faulty in drawing, arrangement, and colour.

In familiar life we may invite attention to an in-

terior, by Mr. Shayer, No. 203, *Poulterers preparing for Market*, which is truthfully composed, of a sweet tone, and delicately finished. Mr. Herring's pictures, as usual, are close unelevated transcripts of the objects they represent; greatly the best of them is No. 258, *Interior of a Cow-house*, which is skilfully managed, felicitous in colour, and exquisite in finish. Mr. Pidding, too, if he drew better and could keep his pencil clear, would have more than one picture deserving of inspection; his *Old Tar doing Penance for his devotion to Jolly Bacchus*, No. 182, has in it no small share of humour and character.

It is in the department of landscape that the main strength of this exhibition lies. Here, truly, there is not a little that is creditable. Mr. Allen sends several good subjects; he has, however, been less successful in his large picture than in some others. No. 331, *On the Swale, near Richmond*, is one of the best of his numerous landscapes; the handling here is free, and the effects are skilfully thrown in. It is to be lamented that this artist mostly sacrifices the sky to the main body of his picture. His aim seems to be to get light and atmosphere enough between the spectator and the hills, and in this we admit he succeeds; but it is at the expense of that part of the picture in which these requisites most abound; instead of being *spacy* and transparent, his skies are generally heavy, flat, and *substantive*. Mr. Pyne, too, has several charming pictures. He is seldom unhappy in the selection of his scenes, and his colour is delicious. A gem-like little subject, in a circular frame, is No. 533, *The Gossip*. Mr. Boddington has more than one pleasing landscape; the same may be also said of Mr. Tennant. Those of Mr. J. Wilson, jun., will especially charm the spectator. Low, quiet in colour, always picturesque in form, they are conceived in the happiest spirit, and abound with a genuine rustic feeling.

In the water-colour room there is nothing calling for remark; taken generally, it is lamentably weak. We miss greatly the bold pencil, the happy fancy of Fripp, who shone here last season.

Of the sculpture not much that is favourable can be said. No. 769, *Caractacus before Claudius*, by Mr. W. C. Marshall, though not without very obvious defects, has a majesty and self-possession about it which are deserving of applause.

THORWALDSEN.

The death of this eminent sculptor is a European calamity. The following memoir is extracted from the *Morning Chronicle*, to which it was contributed by one who knew him well. It will greatly interest the readers of THE CRITIC.

"Thorvaldsen (is thus he wrote his own name) was born in 1770, during a journey made by his family from Iceland to Copenhagen. His father, Golskalk Thorvaldsen, was a carver of figure-heads for ships, his mother the daughter of a clergyman.

"The child shewed an early disposition for drawing, and was placed by his parents, whose circumstances were narrow, at the Arts Academy of Copenhagen, where he was received without charge. He began early to exercise his skill, it is said, upon the figure-heads at which his father laboured, and at which the young Thorvaldsen would work when he carried his dinner to the carver at the wharf. At the academy he gained no prize, however, until 1787, and the great silver medal two years later, when the historical painter Abildgaard took a fancy to him, and gave him further instruction in the general principles of art. In 1791, Thorvaldsen gained the small gold medal for his composition of 'Heliodorus chased from the Temple,' and at the same time the patronage of the Minister of State, Count Reventlow. In 1793, his mezzo-relievo of 'Peter healing a Lame Man at the Gates of the Temple,' obtained for the young man the great gold medal and the three years' travelling studentship. But before he took advantage of the means thus afforded to him for visiting the wonders of art in the south, he devoted a couple of years to labour at home, and completed several pieces of sculpture.

"On the 20th of May, 1796, Thorvaldsen left Copenhagen in a Danish ship of war; but the voyage of the young sculptor was so tedious and dangerous that he did not reach Rome till May, 1797, having passed by Malta, Naples, and Palermo. The presence of the great works of art which here surrounded him, if they inspired him with energy and emulation, filled him often at the same time with despair; and stories are told of works which were completed by the young man, and then broken to pieces and thrust aside in a corner of his studio. However others might praise him, he was the last to be contented with himself. His three years' salary was come to an end, and he had

made preparations to return to Denmark, with the clay model of the Jason statue, which he had completed for the academy (after having broken up the first figure of the natural size), when Mr. Hope ordered the marble of him, and enabled him, by his munificent remuneration, to remain in Rome. It is to this timely patronage that we probably owe much that has been left us by the greatest of modern masters.

"Wealth and honour now flowed in upon him. All the great patrons of art throughout Europe were anxious for works from his hands, and he remained in Rome until the year 1819, occupied with prodigious activity. Having to make a monument for the Swiss who fell at Paris in 1792 (the wounded lion), he determined to visit the place where the monument was to be erected, and at the same time to take the opportunity of revisiting his native country. While in Copenhagen, the government ordered from him statues of the 'Saviour,' the 'Baptist,' and the 'Twelve Apostles,' for the Frauenkirche, then newly built; and it was with these works that he occupied himself, especially on his return to Rome.

"He returned to Copenhagen finally in 1837, having completed in the forty-two years of his labour, about two hundred great works and a great number of busts.

"A series of outlines from Thorvaldsen's works (Stuttgart, 1839), from which the above biographical sketch is taken, mentions the English possessors of some of his principal pieces. Mr. Hope was the purchaser of the 'Jason,' the 'Psyche,' and the 'Genius and Art;' the Duke of Bedford of the bas-relief of 'Briseis;' Lord Lucan of the famous 'Day and Night;' Lord Ashburton of the 'Hebe;' and Lord F. Egerton of the 'Ganymede.'

"We have received the following from an eminent sculptor, to whom Thorvaldsen was known, and the details he gives of the character of the great man, of whom he himself is a worthy disciple, and whose intense love of art for its own sake he shares, will be read with interest:—

"Before leaving England, Lady R— took me to Chantry's studio, that he might give me some advice how to study. A footman opened his door, and Chantry's conversation was all about dukes and royalty. He never spoke a word to me, but sneered several times at the idea of any one going to Italy to study.

"Three weeks after that, one fine morning saw me knocking at a door in a common stair on the Pincian-hill at Rome, covered with names in chalk, a mode adopted by people instead of leaving their cards, on not finding any one at home. I was fortunate; and the artist himself opened the door, in a dressing-gown, old and worn, and his long grey hair flowing on his shoulders, round a square-shaped head, a broad and rather low forehead, under which shone a pair of the mildest grey eyes I had ever seen. Benevolence and simplicity marked his character. He carried a piece of clay in one hand, and a modelling stick in another. The room I entered, upon his courteously asking us to do so (Wyatt, the sculptor, was with me), had a plain tile floor: the tables were covered with prints and casts, and the walls were hung with early pictures of young artists, and parts of his 'Triumph of Alexander.' He was making a small model in clay of his equestrian statue of 'Maximilian of Bavaria.' I used the name of Lady R— as commissioned to do. He immediately invited me to call on him whenever I chose, at *this*, his private studio; and said that any work I wished to copy in the collection of his works, I was at liberty to do: that all that was necessary was to inform the *custode* of the studio and the work would be brought out for me; and that if I had no materials of my own, every thing in that shape was at my service. I lost no time, and commenced a study of his 'Mercury.' Every day this benevolent, and good, and true artist came into the principal studio about midday; he would come up to me, praise my work first, and then point out errors, and as the most positive language, take the modelling tool himself, and by a few strokes, inform me of my error, and in a manner which excited in me the most devotional feeling to this father in art.

"This conduct was uniform, and during my residence in Rome, for two years, I never experienced any difference. I had the use of his study whenever I chose; and when I got up a statue at my own place, Thorvaldsen was ever ready to come from the Piazza Barberini to the Piazza del Popolo, where I was, to give me advice; he has come these two miles in a day in July, found me out, written his name on my door with a piece of chalk, and that he would be back in one hour, as it might be. He would then go off to some other student to perform a like office, assist in arranging his draperies, and then return to me. All this he did for me, and he never expected, and I never paid him one farthing. Similar traits in his character are innumerable, and I believe no artist yet asked his advice that he did not feel anxious to give it; he really lived, as I have heard him say an artist ought to do, *for art itself*. Though simple in his manners, he was the companion of princes, apparently estimating them only as they loved art, and

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approximated the artist. The present King of Bavaria was his pupil and friend. The Giardini di Malta, belonging to his Majesty, opposite Thorwaldsen's studio, was itself a studio. Everybody loved Thorwaldsen, and the enthusiasm of his countrymen, when he returned to Copenhagen, having bequeathed the results of his long life to them, speaks volumes as to the man.

"Among his principal works were the model of the Triumph of Alexander; a bas-relief, 140 feet long and 3 feet high, conceived and executed in three months, Thorwaldsen having volunteered to execute it for Napoleon's residence, the Pope's palace, on the Quirinal, shewing the most masterly modelling ever seen. His Mercury slaying Argus is unrivalled, and among a collection of the antique appears where it ought to be. His equestrian statue of Poniatowsky is a large work, not equally worthy of him; but Poniatowsky standing is perfect, only eclipsed by Flaxman's Sir John Moore. His great group of St. John preaching in the wilderness is characterized by a species of Raphaellesque expression, and one portion, a youth leaning on the shoulder of an old man, is the most divine thing ever seen; the intellectual expression of calm old age, and the awakening intelligence of the youth, elevate the soul to a degree not to be conceived unless seen. His Saviour, and the Twelve Apostles, a colossal work—Christ being eighteen feet high, and the others twelve each—are wonderful draped figures, characteristic to the highest degree of the different men: the draperies seem as if one could raise them, they are so exquisitely cast and executed. His great monument of the Pope Pius, in St. Peter's, contrasts unfavourably with Canova, who was the greatest artist of the two in the nude—witness Palamedes, the Nixus-Thesus, and the Centaur, contrasted with Thorwaldsen's Mars; but in female form and simple beauty of expression, Thorwaldsen was immeasurably his superior, witness the contrast of the two Hebes, Night and Morning, Hercules and Io, and the multitude of beautiful little exquisite bas-reliefs Thorwaldsen was ever producing. Art must feel his loss as European; and it is to the honour of our country that Mr. Hope gave him his first commission, Jason with the Golden Fleece. I have always understood that Thorwaldsen was sent to Rome by the academy at Copenhagen, having got his passage to Naples in a Danish frigate, and that for the first two years in Italy he did nothing except study the German and Italian languages, and when his time was nearly expired he began his Jason, which contrasted favourably with Canova's style; it was a novelty; it was seen and appreciated by Mr. Hope, and thus was fixed Thorwaldsen's career in Rome.

"He had a natural daughter, a very beautiful woman, who has been married to a Baron —, gentleman of the bed-chamber of the King of Denmark.

"He was about five feet nine inches in height; and a portrait, lately published of him, and which may be seen at Molteni's, is a perfect likeness."

CHIT-CHAT ON ART.

The Pontifical Academy of Fine Arts, of St. Luke's, at Rome, has recently elected the Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy (C. R. Cockerell, Esq.) a "member of merit" of their body, in the place of the Cavalier Ferdinando Bonsignore, chief architect of the King of Sardinia, lately deceased. The Pontifical Academy associate honorary members *ad libitum*; but the "members of merit" are limited to twenty.

THE DRAMA.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

EASTER and Christmas spectacles have been, from its opening, better got up at this theatre than at any other, and the new one more than maintains its reputation. The present Easter piece is entitled, "Fair Star, or the Singing Apple and the Dancing Waters," and is founded upon the well-known fairy tale of *Cherry and Fair Star*. The original story is, by the dramatist, converted into a burlesque, affording an opportunity which is not neglected, for the introduction of divers telling hits at the follies and whims of the day. The machinery of the piece, at the same time, permits the display of some splendid scenery, dresses, and decorations, and the addition of song and dance, making altogether as amusing a *mélange* as can well be conceived. As of course every one of our readers who is within a convenient distance will make a point of seeing this pleasant bit of Easter entertainment, it is unnecessary to describe it further than to say, that it is sustained with creditable spirit by all the performers. Could a play be otherwise than attractive which counts in its cast Paul Bedford, Oxberry, Wright, Miss Fortescue, and Mrs. Grattan, with Miss Bullen and Gilbert to grace the ballet?

DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THEATRICALS AND MUSIC ON THE CONTINENT.

—At the Parisian *Opéra Comique* a great sensation has been produced by a new opera called *La Sirène*, composed by Auber, with words by Scribe. Another successful opera, called *Le Lazzarone*, has been brought out at the *Académie*. The music is by Halévy, the words are by St. Georges. The German musical newspapers devote considerable space to elaborate criticisms on Miss Birch, who is singing in various parts of Germany with great success. The Polka dance, which is turning the heads of all Paris, is making the regular tour of the theatres there. Perhaps it would be gratifying to many of the ladies in this country if, after Easter, it were danced at our own Opera-house.

GLEANINGS OF THE MONTH, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

AMPUTATION PERFORMED DURING MESMERIC SLEEP.—The *Wolverhampton Chronicle* contains the following extraordinary statement, for the accuracy of which it vouches.—John Marrion, aged 45, residing in Can-lane, Sedgley, received an extensive injury of the middle finger in January last, and became a patient of Messrs. Thompson and Dunn. It has been since treated by those gentlemen in the usual manner, but the nature of the injury rendered amputation necessary. With a view to test mesmeric sleep, Marrion consented to the proposal to place himself under the treatment of Dr. Owens, and on Sunday week, for the first time, he was mesmerised. The patient was afterwards daily mesmerised, and the case created intense interest in the public mind, more particularly among medical men, who attended in numbers every day to mark Dr. Owens's progress. On Saturday the operation was performed, and Mr. Dunn's room was thronged with medical and other gentlemen, to witness the event. The patient, on being brought into the room, appeared rather flushed; but Dr. Owens addressed him in a lively and friendly manner, and he took his seat evidently quite composed. In two minutes and a half deep sleep was produced, but the doctor kept his position some time longer. Dr. Mannix then felt the patient's pulse, which beat 100 per minute. Some questions were put to him while in this state by Dr. Owens, and, language being excited, he said he felt very comfortable. "Proceed with the operation," said the doctor, and in one minute Mr. Dunn had performed it very neatly. The cutting the flaps, and the dividing of the bone by the nippers was watched with breathless scrutiny by all present, but not a muscle quivered, nor did a sigh escape, nor any single thing occur to betray the slightest sensation. During the dressing the arm, the hand was suspended over the table in a cataleptic state, without any further support. Two minutes after the operation, Dr. Mannix felt the man's pulse—it was still 100. Dr. Owen then excited laughter, and the patient laughed happily, evidently quite unconscious of the relief he had undergone. Some time elapsed, during which he continued sleeping, and on being questioned in that state, he was not at all aware of what had been done. Being awake (which was done instantaneously by Dr. Owen touching the organ of firmness, which seemed to act almost miraculously), and finding his arm in a sling, he ejaculated—"Thank the Lord for that!" In reply to questions, he said he had not felt it. Every gentleman present signed the minutes, which were noted by Mr. Gatis, during the operation, when a liberal subscription was raised for the man, and Dr. Owens was warmly congratulated.

SALE OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S COINS AND MEDALS.—On Monday this magnificent collection was submitted for sale by Messrs. Christie and Manson, at their auction-mart, King-street, St. James's. All the well-known amateurs and antiquaries were in attendance, besides some continental speculators. It was said that the collection cost his Grace upwards of 50,000*l.*; indeed, from the competition in the bidding, it might be reasonably supposed that it had. Mr. Manson, on opening the sale, observed that the collection which he then offered was the most superb ever exhibited to the public. Whatever diversity of opinion there might exist as to the breaking up of it, he felt assured that both the arts and sciences would be promoted by its diffusion. It was, with the exception of one lot, to be sold without reserve. The Greek copper coin was the first put up. It consisted of the coin of all cities of ancient Greece; to enumerate them would leave no limit to space; they brought but low prices. The next was the Greek silver, amongst which there were some fine and rare specimens, particularly the "Syracuse Medallion," head of a female laureated, surrounded by four dolphins, reverse figure on triga "above a Victory" "below a lion running." This old medallion of Syracuse is extremely rare, only one having been sold in this country, which brought 125*l.*: it is only within the last three years the British Museum possessed one; the competition for it was great, and it brought

41 guineas. In the Greek gold there were many fine specimens, but they did not bring high prices. The Imperial Greek copper coins brought good prices, and consisted of the coin of every city of ancient Greece, and seemed to attract much attention. The Roman weights were universally admired. The "as" bore several devices, consisting of a thunderbolt, a helmeted head, a tortoise, a wheel, the head of Mercury, &c., and brought fair prices. The Roman middle brass exhibited a classic collection, and the devices upon them were chiefly during the period of Mark Antony and Cleopatra. The Roman large brass brought high prices, and amongst those worthy of notice was "Otho struck at Antioch;" Vitellius rev. Mars holding a Victory; inser. Mars Victor, rare; ditto, rev. a figure standing, holding a cornucopia; inser. Pax Augusti—fine and very rare. These three brought near 30*l.* In the Roman consular silver there were many well-preserved specimens, amongst which, worthy of notice, were:—Emilia, the restored coin by Trajan; fine. Elia, 4; Emilia, 2; Annia, 1; Antestia, 2; Antisti Antonia, 10. Antonia, legionary coins to Leg. xxiii. Aquilia, 4; Atilia, 2; Avrelia, 5; fine, rare. Arria, M. Arrius Secvndvs, head bearded: rev. hasta between a crown and altar. Arria, legend and type same as the last. Atia, Q. Labienus. Particus. Imp., head bearded: rev. horse; rare. These all brought high prices. Amongst the large collection of Roman Imperial silver, the best worthy of notice, which brought the highest price, were:—Augustus: rev. temple; rev. bull; rev. victory; rev. shield in wreath; rev. caduceus; rev. female below capricorn: rev. head of Diana; rev. two capricorns; rev. IOVI. VPT. &c.; rev. SIGNIS, &c.; rev. Mars; rev. Victory; rev. quadriga M. Agrippa: rev. heads of J. Cæsar and Augustus; Caligula: rev. Augustus; Claudius: rev. triumphal arch, on the front "De Britanni;" fine. In the Roman silver medallions there were many interesting specimens; but the Roman Consular Imperial coins in gold were by far the most important, and sold at from 16 to 40 guineas each, though not much larger than half a sovereign. The following are the best worthy of notice:—"Pompey, obv. his head, Mag. Pivs. Imp. enclosed within a wreath of oak: rev. the heads of Pompey the Great and Cncius, face to face. Pompey, obv. and rev. the same as the last. Marc Antony, obv. his head: rev. Augustus." The day's sale realised upwards of 700*l.*

THE LAST MOMENTS OF A POET.—The *Siècle* gives the following account of the last moments of Casimir Delavigne:—"The invalid, accompanied by his wife and son, was obliged to stop at Lyons by the progress of his malady. A physician was called in, and from the moment he saw the patient considered his illness fatal, and informed Madame Delavigne that her husband had only a few hours to live. He succeeded, however, by his manner and assurances in restoring calmness of mind to the patient, who had been at first alarmed. About eight o'clock the same evening, the poet, when lying in bed, and in full possession of his faculties, asked his wife, in order to amuse the son, to read aloud. She accordingly took up 'Guy Mannering,' and continued reading for about three-quarters of an hour, at which time the patient asked for some drink. As she was taking some precaution when offering him the glass, not to fatigue him, he cried out, 'Oh! give it, I am strong enough!' He then raised himself up with some difficulty, and, leaning his head on his right hand, asked his wife to continue. But his features were already changed, for death was near. Madame Delavigne perceived the alteration, but, concealing her grief, she resumed her reading, which her emotion rendered unintelligible. 'Why,' said the dying man, 'you are skipping whole sentences;' and, addressing his son, told him to go on himself. A moment after, the head of Casimir Delavigne fell back on the pillow. He began to recite some verses of a tragedy at which he had been at work for some time, and which was to be called 'Mélusine.' In two minutes after, life had fled, and the nearly concluded work which occupied his thoughts during his last moments perished with him, for it is well known that the deceased never wrote down his pieces until after having completed them in his mind, and then recited them from memory at the moment of preparing them for the theatre."

INCREASE OF NEWSPAPER READING.—We learn from a very recent and useful publication, the *Parliamentary and Newspaper List*, of which the fifth edition has just been published by Dawson and Son, that between 1827 and 1841 the aggregate number of stamps for newspapers has increased in England from 25,863,499 to 48,640,070, in Scotland from 1,795,573 to 6,129,289, and in Ireland from 3,543,346 to 5,990,623; so that while the increase has not been twofold in England and Ireland, it has been nearly fourfold in Scotland. Messrs. Dawson's publication, which is in the form of a sheet, neatly mounted and highly glazed, contains, moreover, a complete statistical and moral table of all the newspapers in the empire, describing the side they take by appropriate colours, the day on which they are published, and the extent of their circulation. To this is added a list of the members of the House of Commons, whose

politics are also designated by colours, so that the eye catches at a glance the political character of each member and each newspaper. For public offices, counting-houses, and libraries, this will be a useful little work.

CURIOUS MANORIAL RIGHT.—At Ripley Castle, in Yorkshire, the seat of Sir William Ingilby, there is in the great staircase an elegant Venetian window, in the divisions of which, on stained glass, are a series of escutcheons, displaying the principal quarterings and intermarriages of the Ingilby family since their settling at Ripley, during a course of 430 years. In one of the chambers of the tower is the following sentence, carved on the frieze of the wainscot:—"In the year of our Ld. MDLV. was this howse buylded, by Sir Wyllyam Ingilby, Knight, Philip and Marie reigning that time." John Falliser, of Bristwaite, formerly held his lands of the manor of Ripley by the payment of a red rose at Midsummer, and by carrying the boar's head to the landlord's table all the twelve days of Christmas.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN BURN.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. John Burn, a worthy and excellent man, who expired in his 68th year, at Manchester, on Wednesday. Most of our commercial readers are acquainted with a practical work of the highest value, which he published periodically, called *Burn's Glance*. It gives in a tabular form a *coup d'œil* of the annual imports and exports of the country, and has often been quoted in Parliament as a standard authority.—*Liverpool Journal*.

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